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Events of the Week.

THE fears of a widespread outbreak of violence after the murder of the French officer and official in Buer were happily not fulfilled, but several incidents during the past week prove how dangerously insecure the situation is in the occupied territory. Germans have been fired on and killed at Essen, Dortmund, and near Trier, and a French soldier was shot at and killed. On Sunday the notorious separatist, Herr Josef Smeets, was attacked in his office in Cologne and severely wounded by a bullet in the head. This outrage has caused considerable excitement in France, and is widely used in the Paris Press as an argument for treating the separatist movement in the Rhineland seriously. It is urged that the Allies should protect those inhabitants of the Rhineland who desire to free themselves "from the domination of Prussia." French attempts in the past to encourage this separatist movement have been singularly unsuccessful, and in the Cologne area the inhabitants have hitherto treated Herr Smeets's activities with contempt. There is, therefore, a *prima facie* reason for suspecting that the authors of the attack were not local people, but belonged to one of the Nationalist organizations in unoccupied territory.

THERE is little outward change either in the economic or political situation. A new move on the part of France has, however, been adumbrated during the past week. It looks as if the French Government may wish still further to complicate an already complicated position by raising the question of German disarmament. An official communication has been sent to the British Government drawing attention to the fact that Germany has failed to carry out her obligations under the disarmament terms of the Versailles Treaty, and, apparently, inquiring whether Britain will join France in enforcing the Treaty in this respect. This is a significant move in view of the fact that in France opinion is steadily gaining ground that the submission of Germany, or at least negotiations, are imminent. French policy is accustomed to lay its plans rather far ahead, and the inference is not unnaturally drawn that the object of this French move is to raise the question of security and guarantees in this form, and so to include both security and Reparations in the terms to be imposed upon Germany. If this view be the correct one, it means that

the French Government are definitely contemplating the complete revision of the Versailles Treaty in their favor when the moment comes for Germany to capitulate.

THE conviction that the deadlock in the Ruhr must shortly be ended by some kind of negotiations continues to evoke a flood of discussion of terms both in France and Germany. The idea of permanently detaching the Rhineland from Germany, under the cover of some scheme of "autonomy" or "neutralization," continually gains open adherents in Paris. The latest prominent man to come out publicly for this idea is M. Loucheur. So many and so radical are the demands which are made, at any rate in the Press, on the part of France, that it is very difficult to retain a clear idea of what is the real object of the French Government in its occupation of the Ruhr. A letter of Mrs. Buxton to the "Manchester Guardian," however, throws valuable light upon one side of French policy. The special correspondent of that paper a year ago foretold the present situation and revealed one of its most important causes. After the reversion of Lorraine to France, the output of Lorraine iron and steel fell from one quarter to one-third of the 1913 figures. This was due to the cutting off of Lorraine from the Ruhr, and the position of the Lorraine metal industries was only prevented from becoming catastrophic by the deliveries of coke from the Ruhr under the Versailles Treaty—deliveries which are only temporary.

A YEAR ago, therefore, the Lorraine metal industry was already faced by catastrophe as a result of its separation from the Ruhr. Germany was beginning to take ore from Spain instead of from Lorraine. Similar facts were insisted upon in the secret report of M. Dariac, who drew the conclusion that France must, for the sake of Lorraine, acquire some control over the Ruhr and its coke. At first an attempt was made to obtain this control by an arrangement between the German Ruhr and the French Lorraine industrialists, which would have given the latter a controlling interest in the Ruhr concerns. This, too, was the idea which lay behind the demands made last year that Germany should give as one of the "pledges" for Reparation payments 60 per cent. of the shares in some of the most important of the Ruhr industrial enterprises. These negotiations went on for a long time, but finally broke down owing, it has often been said, to the refusal of Herr Stinnes. The significant fact remains that it was only after their breakdown that the French Government invaded and occupied the Ruhr.

THE conversations between the Allies on the eternal Turkish problem have begun in London, and Lord Curzon, with questionable wisdom, has invited M. Venizelos to be at hand, too. Superficially there is sufficient reason for having the Greek statesman available for consultation, particularly if Greece is to be asked to consent to further sacrifices. But his presence in London will naturally cause suspicion in the Turkish camp and provide fresh fuel for the furnaces so assiduously stoked by pro-Turkish organs like the "Temps." As for the London discussions themselves, they promise to be neither momentous nor inspiring. All that is in progress is a renewed endeavor to maintain the united

front in anticipation of the fresh conference with the Turks impending at Constantinople or Lausanne. When it comes to the final decision, Mosul is not likely to cause trouble, as the Turks seem quite ready to defer it for direct discussion with this country, or, failing that, for decision by the League. Nor can it be seriously doubted that some formula of accommodation will be found to cover the financial and economic disagreements. A fresh war at this stage is not to be contemplated, nor is there any evidence that the Turks do at all contemplate it, unless the theory be adopted that they are secretly pushing forward military preparations on every front against the opening of the spring campaigning season. Meanwhile, Bulgaria has reaffirmed her demand for territorial, not merely economic, access to the *Ægean*. It might be well worth Greece's while to assent to that, though under the plans proposed to M. Stambulisky at Lausanne, the Bulgarians would have had no sound reason for complaint.

UNLESS there is some dramatic change in the building trade situation in the next few days the country will have to bear the consequences of another industrial struggle on a big scale. The operatives rejected the proposed wage reductions—ranging from twopence an hour for the highest-paid craftsmen to one penny in the lowest-grade areas—by the decisive vote of 140,952 against 42,606. At the meeting of the Joint Wages Council the employers' representatives refused to consider a suggestion that present wages should be stabilized for a further period. Later they submitted to the Employers' Federation a report in which they urged that the reductions should be enforced, and that all the employers should support the necessary action wholeheartedly. The Federation executive is to meet on Wednesday, and if this recommendation is endorsed an ultimatum will be delivered to the unions to the effect that the lower wages will be paid as from April 1st.

THE men's leaders have tried to avert a conflict, but they must act on the ballot vote if the employers adopt the ultimatum policy. The operatives argue, with some reason, that their present earnings are already three-halfpence an hour below the cost-of-living level as fixed by the sliding-scale agreement which is supposed to govern wages in the trade. Some months ago a special reduction of twopence an hour was accepted, as an operatives' contribution to the cheapening of house building, and the men contend that they ought not to be asked to make any further sacrifice while the building material rings are left free to raise prices at will when building is stimulated by the new Government subsidy. This factor in the dispute has been brought into greater prominence by the general agitation against the rings, and if the crisis ends in conflict the Government will have to take serious notice of it.

THERE are increasingly clear signs that the miners, as well as the agricultural workers, are approaching a stage when desperation will dictate action. When the conference of the Miners' Federation was held in December, only the Lancashire and Cheshire districts urged that the profit-sharing agreement should be terminated. Now the South Wales union has declared for the same policy, and the attitude of other districts is doubtful. The conference to be held in London next week will be asked to decide this issue. One may question whether the South Wales and Lancashire men have thought out the consequences of the action they suggest, as the mine-owners do not seem to be in a mood to offer

better terms. The proposal springs from a growing feeling that something aggressive has got to be done. Another symptom is manifested in the South Wales strikes against the non-union men. The belief that another conflict is looming ahead is responsible for this action, which the union men defend on the ground that secessions from the Federation render that body impotent to improve conditions. Meanwhile, both the Government and mine-owners apparently regard the growing discontent with complacency.

THE outlook in Norfolk shows no improvement. It was clear from the action of the laborers in taking part with the farmers in the deputation to the Prime Minister that they do not want a strike if it can be avoided. They have made it clear that they appreciate the farmers' difficulties. If the Wages Board had not been dissolved, or if it were now restored, there would be some prospect of escaping a strike at the moment, and as the report of the Economists' Committee will not be long delayed, some solution might be forthcoming in time to prevent it. Unfortunately, there is no Wages Board, and the goodwill which existed has been disturbed by some of the farmers who imported strike-breakers by motor-car from Cambridgeshire. The men have replied to this provocation by passing a resolution demanding thirty shillings for a week of forty-eight hours in winter and fifty in summer. There is every prospect now of a general strike, and its consequences in a population which has been living on low wages for all these months must be deplorable.

THE Royal Commission on the Government of London has produced three separate reports. That of the majority practically recommends the retention of the present system. It apparently believes that the present impossibilities of co-ordination can be overcome by some method of conference between the existing authorities. It gives no heed to the vital fact that the L.C.C. declares the present system unworkable. What seems mainly to impress it is the unwillingness of the outlying authorities to be absorbed in a larger unit of government. But every change in government has always been met by the opposition of vested interests. What is fundamental is the fact that every inquiry into the problems of London, its traffic, its docks, its housing, its food, has insisted that unification of the present chaos of authorities is the only way to adequate government. The majority report pays no attention to all this. It thinks the present system economical (one supposes in the sense of keeping down the rates), and does not even consider whether a rearrangement would not provide more adequate service. Every consideration which made for a separate system of government for London after 1855 is even more acute to-day. To tinker with the present system in a minor way is completely to misunderstand the issues involved.

OF the Minority Reports that of Messrs. Donald and Walsh alone attempts seriously to grapple with the problem. They suggest the creation of a new area of government coincident roughly with the Metropolitan Police area. The central authority for this area (which would be directly elected) would have charge of such naturally central problems as transport, town-planning, higher and special education, public health, main drainage, and water supply. Such a method would at once go far towards the solution of the problem of rating; and what inequalities remained could be thrown upon an equalization fund. The local authorities would

remain as now, save that they would concentrate within themselves all small-scale services within the area. What the Report wisely insists upon is the need for a genuinely federal system of government within the true London area, and the maintenance of directly elected authorities dealing with a complex of functions as against the outworn method of the *ad hoc* body. The Report shows a real grasp of the difficulties the Commission faced; and when legislation comes it is to Mr. Donald rather than to Lord Ullswater that reformers will go for guidance.

* * *

THE Fees (Increase) Bill has now been reported to the House of Commons. It was into this apparently innocent measure that the clause was intruded which shuts the national treasures of the British Museum, the Natural History Museum, and the South Kensington Museum from the poor. It must be remembered that a charge for admission to these museums—unlike the charge which the Trustees of the National Gallery think advisable—could be made only if Parliament gave permission. Some curious people have long desired that this statutory power should be obtained; though why they desired it is known only to the gods who preside over ignorance and darkness. They plead that really it does not matter much, because school-children, in parties, will be admitted free, if application is made. These valuable educational assets may be closed to those who most need them. It is an act of idle and gratuitous meanness, and shows more plainly even than the housing scandal just what the reactionaries think of working people. [*After going to press we learn that this obnoxious clause is to be dropped.*]

* * *

THE Canadian Government has precipitated discussion of a nice point in Empire relationships by insisting on signing, unassociated with any representative of Great Britain, a fishery treaty with the United States. The actual inscribing of the name of Mr. Ernest Lapointe, Canadian Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was only achieved after a lively discussion with Sir Auckland Geddes, who proposed, as British Ambassador at Washington, to countersign as usual. The Canadians finally gained their point, and constitutional authorities appear to be satisfied with the position, arguing that while the King can make a treaty on the advice of the Ministers of a Dominion Parliament, it can be ratified only on the advice of the Imperial Cabinet. But to that problem, on which there is at any rate room for controversy, the United States Senate has, wittingly or otherwise, added another. It has ratified the treaty, but with the proviso that its terms shall bind not merely Canada, but the whole British Empire. The most radical constitutional lawyer had never contemplated the possibility of one Dominion negotiating a treaty on behalf of itself and all the rest of the Empire, and the question has been referred to the Foreign Office. The real problem is whether the singular constitutional relationships of the Empire will stand the ordeal of being put on a business basis.

* * *

CONSTITUTIONAL trouble, particularly unfortunate at this juncture, has arisen in India over the Budget. After the Inchcape cuts, and the advent of Sir Basil Blackett from Whitehall as Finance Member, a serious effort was made to balance the Budget without the deficits that have for the last two years been acquiesced in with reluctance by the Government. That attempt has failed. The hardest lesson for young Legislatures to learn is the necessity for imposing taxation with resolution, and, with elections impending, every member

of the Legislative Assembly was acutely conscious of the risk he ran in appearing before his constituents as a supporter of such an impost as a higher salt-tax. The result is that three items in the Budget as presented—a small appropriation for the expenses of the new Royal Commission on Indian Services, a railway vote, and a 100 per cent. increase of the salt-tax—have all been rejected by the Assembly. The first two the Viceroy at once "certified," thus bringing them into force over the heads of the Legislative Assembly as matters of urgency, and the salt-tax he has apparently decided to treat in the same way. Since the amount involved in the case of this last item is only about 3d. per annum per head of the population, the Government is justified on the merits of the case. But as to the political wisdom of choosing as fighting-ground a tax which touches every member of the community directly, in however small degree, there is room for some difference of opinion. On the expenditure side, drastic reductions have been made, but it is to be observed that while Lord Inchcape originally hoped to knock twenty crores of rupees off the army, he had to be content with a cut of ten (£6,666,000).

* * *

THE Jugo-Slav elections have resulted in a deadlock which bodes ill for political peace in that loosely-cemented commonwealth. In a Chamber now reduced to 313 members, the Radical Party, under the veteran Pasitch, has secured 120 seats, and the Raditch Party (Croatian Agrarians) 70. The only other groups to gain a representation of importance are the Democrats, with 50 seats, and the Clericals with 22. There is no working basis here. The great struggle is between the Pasitch school, who stand for a united Jugo-Slavia with Belgrade as the one administrative centre, and the followers of Raditch, who are out for a federalism that would give the Croats a large measure of autonomy. Raditch has considerably strengthened his position in the Skupschtina, and his party may now attend the Chamber, which they have consistently abstained from doing hitherto. A coalition between Pasitch and the Democrats is out of the question, and if the latter joined forces with the Raditch Party, of which again there is no likelihood, they would be far from commanding a majority in the Chamber. The federalism issue still dominates everything, and it can only be a question of time for the Croats to gain recognition of their claims. The truth, unfortunately, is that the various Southern Slav elements thrown roughly together in the Jugo-Slav State are finding one another not much easier bedfellows than their neighbors in the old Dual Monarchy.

* * *

THE condition of China remains politically deplorable and commercially prosperous, though the country is in parts so disturbed that some interference with the smooth flow of trade is inevitable. The military leaders, Wu Peifu, Tsao-kun, and Chang Tso-lin, still control different areas where their armies are quartered, and Sun Yat-sen, who a few months since fled for his life to Shanghai, has now reappeared at Canton to rally the South once more against Peking. At the northern capital a nominal president, Li Yuan-hung, wields nominal authority, and Prime Ministers succeed one another about once a week. What is happening in the West is hard to discover, but provinces like Yunnan and Szechuan are clearly living their own life under their military governors, with no more practical allegiance to Peking than to Bangkok. The one hope for China appears to be in a wholesale disbandment of troops which, left long unpaid, degenerate into organized brigandage.

Politics and Affairs.

THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

For the most telling exposure of the capitalist system we should be inclined to look, not to Mr. Snowden's brilliant speech in the House of Commons on Tuesday, but to the report of the proceedings of the House of Commons Committee that met earlier on the same day. This Committee decided to sanction the Fees (Increase) Bill which allows charges to be levied for admission to the British Museum and the Natural History Museum. We can imagine the sort of speech that Charles Dickens or Victor Hugo would make on such a subject. We have in London some of the noblest treasures that have ever been collected by a nation. In no city in the world are there so many people to whom the study and contemplation of the mind and beauty of other ages and distant worlds offer some consolation for the solitude and comfortlessness of their daily lives. The House of Commons, brought up in the atmosphere of the capitalist system, cares so little for the universal spirit in the life of man that for the sake of £9,000 a year it decides to close the door of beauty and knowledge to the poorer people of London. If we wished to say hard things about the capitalist system, to talk of it, for example, with the bitter generalizations with which some people talk of Socialism, we should say that this public confession was an acknowledgment to the whole world of its incapacity for civilized social life. The truth is, as Mr. Snowden said, Bolshevism and Capitalism have at bottom the same outlook. Neither of them has any reverence or pity for the imagination of man. Sir Alfred Mond, in his clever speech, laid great stress on the advantages of a system under which poor men can turn man's love of profit to the service of such achievements as those that made his father famous. To suggest that society owes something to the man in whom nature has planted, not a love of profit, but a love of learning or a love of beauty, would be to introduce a scale of values alien and unintelligible. The anti-waste campaign is a revelation of the capitalist system as ominous and as terrible as the war itself. The war showed where its methods, this campaign shows where its mind, must lead the world.

There must always be an element of unreality about a debate on the capitalist system in a body like the English House of Commons, where logic is kept in its place, and Tuesday's debate was no exception. Mr. Snowden's indictment was unanswerable on the facts. Take one instance alone. He quoted the Blue Book issued on Monday which showed that 30 per cent. of the population of London are living in a state of overcrowding. It is no answer to say, as Sir Alfred Mond said, that the accumulation of wealth was the reward of management and enterprise, and that capitalism is the only system that supplies that incentive. There was a time, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb admit, when the capitalist system produced certain advantages to the consumer, but we have only to look to the recent Report of the Government Committee on Combination, to realize that profit-making is now a direct and powerful obstacle to economy in some of the services that are most essential to the health and comfort of the nation. The fact that 30 per cent. of the people of London are overcrowded is the direct consequence of the success of profit-making in raising the price of necessary commodities. If, again, we consider the speeches made by the Prime Minister in the course of the last few weeks on the circumstances of two of the principal industries of the country, mining and agriculture, we come upon the same confession. Nobody can say of an industrial system under which the

mass of people are living at this moment, who are serving the nation's needs as miners and agricultural laborers, that it is satisfactory or even tolerable. It is, in fact, so intolerable that it is breaking down because the workmen who are engaged in it are no longer prepared to co-operate, and they give their services in a grudging and hostile spirit. It is evident that some considerable transformation of this system is necessary if it is to work at all. In the nineteenth century, in the main the workers accepted this system. They disliked many of its incidents, they resented its hardships, but they did not seriously challenge its basis. To-day such a challenge is offered, and somehow or other it has to be met.

In two respects, then, the system under which industry was conducted in the nineteenth century is no longer practicable. The workers want something that it does not give: the nation wants something that it does not give. When Sir Alfred Mond suggests that all that is needed to make the system perfect is for the workman in Brunner Mond to take shares in Brunner Mond, he shows how far he is from appreciating the problem that faces us. That problem has changed with the last hundred years. The nineteenth century, or rather the earlier part of it, was the great opportunity for individual enterprise. Men of spirit, courage, initiative, made their way as such men had never made their way in history. Poor men could push to the front without asking the leave of any patron or powerful person. They took full advantage of their opportunities, and the beaming pages of Samuel Smiles are full of these triumphs. But a nation does not solve all its problems when it enables a poor man to become a millionaire. This century calls for something more than individual energy. It calls for social imagination, the control and direction of individual power, the harnessing of energy to common purpose rather than to the pursuit of private gain. For this we must make use of new methods of organization and control. Sir Alfred Mond says that the manager is the important and the characteristic figure of modern industry. That is true, but is a man who has the special qualities that are needed for industrial management unwilling to give his service to the nation except under the conditions of private competitive industry? Surely not. It is the fashion to sneer at Government servants, but if you look at the records of the India Civil Service, or our own Civil Service here; if you consider the men who have taken part in the administration of Mines Acts or Factory Acts; if you recall simply the experience of the war, you must admit that England can produce men of capacity and character who will throw themselves into the public service with as much zeal as that exhibited in the world of private enterprise.

It is possible to speak more strongly. Will anybody pretend after reading the reports of the Coal Commission that the prize of those great accumulations, which Sir Alfred Mond regards as the one unfailing incentive, does in fact produce automatically industry, intelligence, a large outlook, a generous imagination? It is notorious that the mining industry, where this motive has full play, is hampered in a hundred ways by inefficiency, short views, and petty selfishness in its management. No doubt there are men who will not work in social harness, men well described by Mr. Hobson as Leviathans who cannot be tamed, who would prove plungers and wreckers. What use is to be made of them? They will be left to the development of non-essential industries. Nobody imagines that the whole world of industry is to be removed, now or ever, from the sphere of private enterprise. Nobody imagines that any

transformation of English life is possible that withdraws all opportunity for the gambler, the hustler, in private industry and commerce. No Englishman in his senses wants to copy the Bolshevik system or anything like it. Our problem can be stated simply. We have to resume, as some would say—to acquire, as others would say—control over our social life. That control is impossible so long as the supply of certain necessities is left to private enterprise. In the case of these essential industries drastic reform is needed if our nation is to be decently housed and decently brought up. Whatever the capitalist system has done for us it has not given us conditions of living that are essential to a civilized society. And if anything is plain to-day it is that it cannot.

THE FRENCH HEGEMONY.

THE official statement regarding the monarchist plots in Munich alleges that the conspirators were the tools of a French Staff Officer. The officer is said to have urged the conspirators to earn the support of France by a separatist movement by the argument that "a new era is beginning in European politics; for the next fifty years France is destined to play the leading rôle in European politics." Military men rarely take the trouble to learn the lessons of history, and this perhaps accounts for the fact that Lieutenant Richert was so sanguine as to look forward to fifty years of French hegemony. Nations which take the sword perish by the sword—or in modern times even by bankruptcy or revolution—and they commonly do so with great suddenness and rapidity. Hegemonies are the most perishable of all national glories, and we are bold enough to prophesy that French militarism and militarists long before the end of fifty years will have destroyed the power of France, to-day apparently so overwhelming.

But though Lieutenant Richert and French militarists grossly over-estimate, we believe, the length of time during which Europe will submit to the domination of France, yet they are only stating a very real and a very dangerous fact when they claim that to-day France is playing "the leading rôle in European politics." As one of the chief French papers said last year, "Europe has now entered a French era." That fact is a dangerous one, not so much because France has been left by the war and the terms of peace immeasurably the strongest single military Power on the Continent, but because of the way in which French statesmanship is using this dominant position. If any one wants to see what are the objects and what will be the results of this French hegemony, he should examine the decisions of the Ambassadors' Conference, given last week, with regard to Poland's boundaries.

By this decision apparently the Allied Powers, over four years after the end of the war, propose definitely to fix the boundaries of the new Poland. There are four separate and important points involved in this settlement. In the first place the Ambassadors' Conference has decided to recognize the Eastern frontier of Poland as established in the Treaty of Riga between Russia and Poland. The Treaty of Riga was signed by the Russian Government after the Polish army, reorganized and directed by French officers, caused the Russian army to collapse completely before Warsaw. The frontier defined in the Treaty subjects to Poland a large number of White Russians and Ruthenes, and cuts off from Russia a considerable territory indisputably Russian. It is a settle-

ment, therefore, which no Russian would ever dream of accepting as final.

Further south the Ambassadors' Conference has decided that the whole of East Galicia shall belong to Poland. For the last four years the Allied Powers have allowed Poland to occupy this territory; during that period Poland has treated East Galicia as if it belonged to her, and last year proceeded to hold elections there. The Ambassadors now propose to change a temporary occupation into permanent sovereignty. Thus Poland is given control over a large territory of which the population is overwhelmingly non-Polish and to which she has no shadow of a claim on grounds of justice, nationality, strategy, or economics. The reason why the Poles desire East Galicia is a simple one; it is a territory very rich in natural resources, and its possession gives to Poland a common frontier with Roumania.

The last two decisions of the Ambassadors are to be read together. Memel is given to Lithuania, but Poland is confirmed in the possession of Vilna. Apparently the idea is to buy Lithuanian acquiescence in the loss of Vilna by the acquisition of Memel. This move only underlines the scandal of the Vilna settlement. In October, 1920, the Polish General Zeligowski, by a lawless raid, seized Vilna and handed it over to Poland. The representatives of France and Britain on the League of Nations, by adopting M. Hymans's scheme for a settlement, recognized that Lithuania had a good claim to Vilna, and that Poland had no right to it. To-day, the Ambassadors propose to recognize the right of force and violence, to accept the dictates of General Zeligowski, and to give Poland absolute sovereignty over what should be the capital of Lithuania.

We have given the details of these decisions because they are of great importance. They show that the whole settlement is a French settlement, based upon a policy of force and of French hegemony. The "Greater Poland" is now to be a legal entity, recognized by the Allied Powers, a vast, swollen military State ruling over a mass of Germans, Lithuanians, Russians, Ukrainians. It is purely the creation of French policy, and is to be the ally, or rather servant, of France in Eastern Europe. It was France which for four years prevented the Eastern boundaries of Poland being fixed under Article 87 of the Treaty of Versailles, until Polish troops, organized and equipped by France, should have acquired possession of Vilna, a large slice of White Russia, and East Galicia. It was France, too, which at the same time forced the partition of Upper Silesia and obtained for Poland a large piece of Germany upon the west. Poland, left to herself, would never have achieved her present boundaries, and no other country in Europe but France has been found to support her claims.

Here, then, we have an excellent example of how France is playing "the leading rôle" in European politics. In the Polish frontiers we can see the French hegemony in operation. Will it last, as Lieutenant Richert and his superiors believe, for fifty years? The question has only to be asked to answer itself. This swollen, semi-bankrupt Poland, with a Diet in which the balance of power is held by a large block of non-Polish representatives, is destined to act the part of a French gendarme not only against Germany, but against Russia. We drew attention the other day to the views of Russians and of the Russian Government upon the French policy of violence to Germany. The signs of economic and military recovery in Russia are unmistakable, and they are accompanied by a growing determination not to allow France to thwart that recovery by

destroying the economic power of Germany, which is of such immense importance to Russia. On the other hand, it is impossible to believe that a Russia which has recovered its stability and strength will ever acquiesce in the Franco-Polish partition of Vilna, White Russia, and East Galicia. During the last year or two it is the moderate wing of the Soviet Government, under Lenin, which has mainly determined Russian policy, and almost everything has been wisely sacrificed to internal reconstruction. Now that Lenin's breakdown has removed his influence, there may well be a change to a more forward and stiffer foreign policy. In that case, sooner or later, and certainly long before the end of fifty years, Franco-Polish hegemony in Eastern Europe will be challenged.

There remain two morals to be drawn. The settlement of the Polish frontiers is, as we have shown, a French settlement. And it is a settlement based simply upon principles of force and military domination. As in the Ruhr and Rhineland, so in Galicia, White Russia, and Vilna, France is attempting to use her dominant military position in order to consolidate her power. But a European settlement thus based upon force can only be maintained by force, and nothing can be more shifting and unstable. He would be a very rash man who would dare to prophesy what the relative military and economic strength of France, Germany, Russia, and Poland will be fifteen, to say nothing of fifty, years hence. And this brings us to the position of our own Government with regard to the Polish settlement and the general question of French policy. An apparently inspired statement declares that "whereas Great Britain has no direct interest in this settlement of the Polish frontiers, her great desire is to ensure peace in conjunction with her Allies." Ever since the Armistice our Government has not only given France a free hand on the Continent, but has in effect supported her policy. Apparently, then, we are tamely to recognize the illegal seizure of Vilna, to recognize the preposterous eastern frontier now drawn by France for Poland, to recognize the handing over of the Ukrainians of East Galicia to the Government of Warsaw. And in the League of Nations we shall be guaranteeing these new frontiers which, long before fifty years are over, must prove the cause of another war. That seems to be a curious way for Britain "to ensure peace."

THE PLIGHT OF AGRICULTURE.

HISTORIANS and economists tell us that England led the world in railway organization and in the development and improvement of agriculture. Her climate is specially suitable for farming, and she has a large urban population to feed and clothe. Yet English agriculture is in such a plight to-day that the Norfolk Guardians want to reintroduce the Speenhamland system, and the Prime Minister tells the desperate farmers and laborers that the only hope for agriculture is a return to the policy that was abandoned in 1845. Clearly there is something radically wrong with an industry which is unable to maintain itself in spite of its special advantages.

To some extent, of course, the difficulties from which agriculture suffers at this moment belong to the special conditions of the time. Between June, 1919, and June, 1921, land changed hands in great quantities and at high prices. The number of holdings owned or mainly owned by their occupiers was greater by 21,000 in 1921

than in 1914, and most of these holdings were acquired in these two years. The increase in acreage came to 2½ millions. In the next twelve months this figure was reduced by about a third. These changes took place when prices were high, and their stability seemed assured by the Government guarantee. The recent Committee on Credits (agricultural credit) reported: "In some parts of England land was sold for £25 and £30 an acre, which was worth £20 an acre before 1914. In Lincolnshire the price of land advanced in some cases over 50 per cent. above the pre-war figure. In other places farmers paid fancy prices with insufficient regard to prospective values. Taking everything into consideration, there is no doubt that the war-time prosperity of the industry, coupled with the Government guarantees, resulted in a general rise in the value of agricultural real estate, and that the new owner-occupiers, in most cases, bought on the basis of this enhanced value, and in some cases far in excess." Then came the slump; the Government went back on their pledges and the guarantees were abandoned. Land has since declined in value in some cases by 25 or 30 per cent. Thus agriculture is in the same situation as the cotton industry, because in both cases a great deal of property was acquired under abnormal conditions at fancy prices. The boom in land was like the boom in cotton mills, and both industries are feeling the consequences.

Both farmers and laborers were represented in the deputation to the Prime Minister last week. The farmers in the Eastern counties are pressing demands which will probably lead to a disastrous strike, but farmers and laborers have joined forces in their appeal to the Government. Both farmers and laborers were betrayed by the Coalition, but the betrayal of the laborers was the more gross and unpardonable, because the farmers, when they lost their guaranteed prices, got rid of control and the Wages Board. That is why they offered such half-hearted opposition to the Government's policy. Most of them thought those concessions worth the price. The laborers, to whom Mr. Lloyd George had made the most lavish of all his promises, got absolutely nothing. So to-day the Government throw out suggestions of help of one kind or another to the farmers—credits, railway facilities, education, rating reform—but for the laborers they have nothing to suggest. Yet, as Mr. Conacher warns the Board of Agriculture in the separate report that he makes on agricultural credit, just as the last agricultural depression was weathered by remissions on rent, the present one may be largely liquidated by reductions in wages. Mr. Conacher makes the only suggestion that we have seen for tiding agricultural wages over this emergency. He proposes that there should be a pool for a district, that farmers and laborers should contribute to it, and that the Government should make advances of a sum of not less than the total subscribed by farmers and laborers, repayable in a period of five or ten years. He calls this a form of insurance against low wages, the equivalent to insurance against unemployment in other industries. He argues justly that to give farmers credits without taking any steps to prevent the reduction of wages is no solution of the problem. It may, indeed, be an aggravation.

But it would be a great mistake to treat the plight of our agriculture as if it were only a temporary difficulty. It is notorious that agriculture was a sweated industry before the war. Mr. Lloyd George spoke of the condition of the agricultural laborer in 1914 in language that was violent but not exaggerated. Laborers were disgracefully housed and badly paid; land was badly culti-

vated; farmers were slow, and much less ready than farmers elsewhere to co-operate and buy and sell in common; sport was treated as more important than agriculture. These evils exist to-day, and they are not the result of a temporary depression. They are the result of the system of our agriculture and the slovenly way in which it does its business. The laborer is underpaid because the farmer will not take the trouble, or has not the sense, to protect himself from the middleman. The English farmer is apt to look to the landlord to help him by remitting rent, or to the laborer to help him by accepting low wages. As a consequence, he has had in many cases inefficient and deteriorating labor, and he has preferred this to the alternative. There is no prospect for agriculture until the farmer learns to help himself, and it is a calamity that so much land has now passed into the hands of farmers who have been brought up in the lazy traditions of the past.

An excellent little book was published last year on agricultural co-operation,* and anyone who turns over its pages will see how much could be done if English agriculture had the genius for co-operation which marks the Danish or the Irish farmer. Mr. Warman, the writer, shows that even in the small item of mangold seed co-operative methods would have saved farmers £200,000 a year. In the case of agricultural machinery, of steadily growing importance to the farmer, Mr. Warman quotes a resolution passed by the National Association of Implement Dealers and Engineers: "That

the Makers' Association be asked only to supply legitimate implement dealers, and not to supply Co-operative Societies, farmers' clubs, or combinations of users on any terms whatever, and that when inquiries are received from such societies they be referred to the local dealer, who must give an undertaking to supply at users' terms, viz., 5 per cent. for cash." Of the total cost of machines, we are told, over one-fifth is attributable to the expense of selling. The Minister of Agriculture said on Monday in the House of Commons that the actual cost of the flour of a 4-lb. loaf was 5½d., and that the difference between that price and the price charged to the consumer represented middlemen's profits. These facts are enough to show that agriculture is not conducted in this country as if its object was to provide the nation with food at a reasonable price under such conditions as will keep a self-respecting population on the soil. Agriculture is at once the mother of men and the source of food. Judged by those two tests, our agriculture is radically unsound in its organization and its arrangements. Perhaps when the committee of economists reports on the experience of other countries, we may have some light upon the reforms that are needed. Meanwhile, it must not be forgotten that the war taught us how to protect the consumer from the exorbitant charges of the middleman, and though the present Government has as great a respect for rings as its predecessor, we may one day have a Government in power that will turn that lesson to account.

EXTRACTS FROM A RUHR DIARY.

By HUGH F. SPENDER.

ESSEN, MARCH, 1923.

A LAND of monstrous chimneys, and crowded towns stretching the broad tentacles of their streets towards the ploughed fields where the rye is sprouting amid great heaps of coal and slag crowned by revolving wheels on gaunt ribs of iron. Such is my first impression of the district to which the river Ruhr, with its hurrying yellow waters, gives its name. I stood this morning at the top of the tall tower of Krupp's great factory, which gives a wide view over serried rows of broad-backed workshops to the heart of the old town of Essen with its medieval church towers and narrow, winding streets. Far away stretches the plain, dotted with clustering towns beneath spire and smoking stack, to the distant wooded hills, where the famous beech trees of the Ruhr grow. Through glasses I can trace narrow ribbons of steel that in link after link bind the multifarious activities of this great industrial region together. There is not a train to be seen.

Blue-coated figures in steel helmets, with rifle and bayonet, accompanied by machine-gun and tank, march and counter-march through the streets of the Ruhr towns, mounting sentries over public buildings, now grasping at this, now at that, arresting, imprisoning, expelling mayors and policemen, officials and humble workmen. Yet life on the Ruhr is apparently going on as it did before the invader came. The miner is digging and repairing in the bowels of the earth, the worker in Krupp's is tossing molten bars of steel in the arms of great cranes from furnace to roller. The sound of the loom is heard, the shops are open, the tramcars are running. Only those links of steel that run in manifold curves through the land no longer echo the rumble of wheels, save when some train with food supplies comes

in, or, rarer still, when a train with coal goes out. Otherwise hardly any material is going out, and hardly anything in the way of material comes in.

For all their fine martial appearance there is something ghost-like about the soldiers, for not an eye is lifted, not a head is turned towards them as they pass through the crowd. It is as if the townspeople had made up their mind that the blue-coated figures were not there. If the French speak to anyone, he will not answer. If they enter a shop, the man behind the counter pays no heed. The soldiers must take what they want, for no one will sell to them. They cannot buy a cup of coffee; they must commandeer hotel and restaurant before they can be fed, and no German, except a few blacklegs, will serve them. Why should the people share their food and goods with the invader?

I feel sorry for some of these soldiers, for they are but boys, and cannot understand why no human being in the Ruhr will speak to them. They appear to behave well on the whole. I notice some corporals carry whips; I have never seen them use them. But dreadful stories are told in Essen of attacks with whip and bayonet on defenceless crowds. It is the feeling that they are so absolutely at the mercy of the French which is the bitterest drop in the Germans' cup. Had they been knocked out in fair fight before the French came in, they would not complain so much, because war in their view justifies the harsh treatment of a civilian population. That is the excuse for Belgium.

I was told this morning of a strange scene in a shop which two officers entered to buy some chocolate. The tradesman made no reply to their polite request to be served, but continued to attend to his German customers, and when they hurriedly went out, he still made no sign that he was aware of the invaders' presence. They expostulated, grew angry, and finally taking what they

* "Agricultural Co-operation." By W. H. Warman. (Williams & Norgate. 5s.)

wanted, left some thousand-mark notes on the counter, and departed. The shopman took the paper money, tore it in shreds and threw it into the street. Had he served the officers, there is no doubt that his shop would have been wrecked by Germans.

The boycott which this story illustrates was invented by the hard-headed, determined, but, above all, quiet-minded workers of the Ruhr (who are so different from the easy-going Rhinelanders) as their most effective weapon of resistance. "*Ruhig bleiben*" is their motto, and this precept, which adorns so many walls, they have faithfully kept. But although the idea of passive resistance has its roots in the character of the workers, needed little dictation from Berlin, and is founded on respect for the moral law (for these people are pacifist and anti-militarist almost to a man), it cannot be said that this weapon is an entirely Christian one. There is no turning of the other cheek in its use. It exasperates the French; it has led to bloodshed. I should rather call it the weapon of the unarmed man, who, outraged in his deepest feelings by a sudden invasion of his rights, and the consequent menace to life and property, can think of no better device to assert the first principles of justice. The French would be foolish to think of the Ruhr worker as a conscientious objector to the use of force. But the unexpected success of the refusal to serve the invader in any way has, for the moment, given the movement the sanction of a new commandment.

The Ruhr worker is proud to think that he is making history, that his peaceful resistance will be remembered as a triumph of right over might. He hopes that it may set a lesson to the world of the undying strength of the human will in a struggle with militarism. Yet beneath the yearning for the triumph of a great principle I detect a sharper note. Through all my conversations with the workers I hear the voice of the miners' leader who, in grave tones and with set face, said to me, as he pointed to the array of tanks in the square of Bochum, on the day of the funeral of the young man who was shot by the French there: "*Lieber tot wie sklav.*" (Better dead than slaves.)

He told me how the miners had worked extra shifts to provide the reparation coal for France and Belgium. "We felt it our duty," he said, "to make good the destruction caused to the mines in France and Belgium. Our coal was a willing offering which we hoped would do something to heal the wounds of war and reconcile the nations. But now"—and he pointed to the deserted railway which I could see through the window of the room in which we sat—"there is not one miner who will dig coal for the invader under the lash of the whip or at the threat of the bayonet. Before the occupation a train with coal for France, Belgium, and Italy left the Ruhr every twenty minutes in the course of a day. The French in seven weeks have not got more than a day's supply by force. They cannot work the railways. They dare not go into the mines. If they load the coal from the pit-heads by force there are no wagons to take it out. They had better not try."

The French officers and engineers at the office of the Coal Syndicate in Essen wonder what to do next to bring these unreasonable people to book. They are angry, and deeply disappointed at the refusal of the Germans to assist them in obtaining what they consider to be their just demands. They are still more convinced of the utter bad faith of the "*Boches*," "who never meant to pay." French Generals every day issue orders for seizing more towns, and prick more names in their list for imprisonment and expulsion. They reiterate their belief that with a little more force the Germans will give in. They make speeches declaring that all is going

according to plan. But not wanting to drive the population by hunger to despair, they have wisely allowed food to come in on trains driven by German railwaymen, and work to go on, much as they dislike the idea of those 400,000 miners planning God knows what in subterranean passages beneath their feet. Sporadic attempts have been made to seize wages, the largest *coup* being the robbery of twelve milliards of marks on the Berlin-Cologne express. But the Reichsbank at Essen is still functioning. If prices have risen, there is no marked scarcity of food except of milk, of which the invaders demand their share, with the result that no child in Essen over two years of age gets any milk at all. For the most part, however, the army of occupation brings in its own food, often in motor-lorries. The much-repeated story of the seizure of a large sausage from a shop window by a *poilu* suggests that the plundering of shops is now rare. But I have just met a poor woman who has been robbed of her basket of eggs and bread by two soldiers.

It is the loss of their police force which lends such insecurity to life in the Ruhr towns. The excuse for the expulsion of the green-uniformed *Schutzmann* from Essen was his refusal to salute French officers. The real reason was that the French believed that the police, like other officials who have been expelled, were the backbone of the resistance. They are the more astonished that the people seem not a whit less determined, although they have been deprived of their leaders.

By night these towns on the Ruhr, robbed of their natural defenders, stir uneasily. Their streets are dark, for the French take what coal they can move. I have seen coal carts solemnly conducted under an escort with fixed bayonets through the streets of Essen. At night no one feels safe. There are lawless soldiers about, and bad characters. In the streets death may come from the stray bullets of some scared patrol. At home, a knock at the door may prove the summons for arrest by a corporal's guard. The law of the suspect is in force, and the modern tumbrel, the motor-lorry, hurries its victims into prison or exile. Newspapers are suppressed or heavily censored. The wildest rumors fly about. "The black troops are coming; the French have seized the factories," I heard a frightened voice cry one night at Essen; and in a moment people were fleeing as if for their lives. Over all is an atmosphere of fear and suspicion.

Life and Letters.

THE REVISED PSALMS.

ANYONE who has been brought up on the English version of the Bible or Prayer Book is startled by the smallest change. It is not only that the translations of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin texts reach the highest level of English prose. Probably most people who know both Bible and Prayer Book almost by heart remain hardly conscious of their beauty as language and literature. The objection to change springs, we think, rather from two other influences. The first is the powerful influence of habit. Many English people—perhaps we may still say most English people—have been so accustomed to the words and phrases of the English translations that they feel a shock at any difference. It brings them up sharp, like an accident on a familiar road. They are like horses who have jogged along the same beautiful lane year after year till they know every bush and stone

by sight; but when a bush is lopped or a bridge rebuilt, they start and shy, no matter how advantageous the alteration may be to the cart, or even to themselves. The present writer was brought up, like many children of a past generation, to hear the Bible read through chapter by chapter in succession every morning and evening, to learn whole passages by heart, and to listen to the Prayer Book at least twice every Sunday. So ingrained in his mind has the language become that even the smallest and most beneficial variation disquiets and distresses him. Probably the disquiet and distress are really to his advantage as awakening the critical sense, and revealing to him the obscurity or meaningless form of the familiar phrase. But when he was young, to his parents as well as to himself the change would have appeared something very near to sacrilege or even blasphemy. For in his family, as in many others of those times, the very words of the translations were regarded as having been directly inspired by God himself. In fact, though it was vaguely admitted that the originals had been written in some other language, it was thought almost impious to suggest that any other peoples had as much right to the Holy Books as the English, or even more right.

So beauty, custom, and a peculiar sanctity have combined to bar the way against any alteration in the beautiful, familiar, and sacred language. Theirs is an opposition which every attempt at revision or improvement must face; for not even land laws are so obstinately conservative as religious forms. The small committee of five which has been sitting for rather more than two years under the leadership of the Dean of Westminster has faced the opposition, and has just issued its suggestions for a "Revised Psalter (Permissive Use) Measure." As was to be expected, opposition has at once been aroused. Most of the opponents, influenced by custom and sanctity, have objected to any alteration at all. One (Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles) objects because, as trainer to a choir, he has found that the Prayer Book version (Coverdale's translation) will "sing" much better than even the Authorized version in the Bible; and he suggests that at least one of the Committee ought to have been able to dance, so as to appreciate rhythm. As neither the Dean, nor the Bishop of Ely, nor the Archdeacon of Warrington, nor Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., nor Mr. E. G. P. Wyatt appears to have added dancing to his other qualifications, Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles "hopes that the Church of England will utterly refuse to permit any of this pitiful tinkering with the Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer." Equally serious are such objections as that raised by Lord Hugh Cecil, who condemns the omission of certain "imprecatory sentences" as destroying the literary value of the poems.

Let us take two instances of the omissions to which Lord Hugh Cecil objects. There are, in all, nine cases where the Committee advise the omission of "imprecatory sentences," and one of the two omissions to which he objects is the end of that beautiful patriotic lament (Psalm 137) beginning, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," and ending with the outburst of vengeful rage, "Blessed shall he be that taketh thy children, and throweth them against the stones." The poem is a fine example of pathos suddenly transformed into nationalistic passion, and Lord Hugh is of course right in thinking that "the omission destroys the literary form of the whole." But the Revisionists have kept the ordinary English congregation in mind, and, although bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries have not been conspicuous for preaching mercy to our enemies in war-time,

the Committee have felt that the imprecation involving the ruthless murder of children was a little violent for Common Prayer. Lord Hugh further objects to the omission of three verses from Psalm 68 as being "like knocking down part of an ancient building and repairing it from motives of convenience." But the verses proposed for omission begin, "God shall wound the head of his enemies, and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his wickedness," and end with the lines, "That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies, and that the tongue of thy dogs may be red through the same." And we are inclined to think that the proposed omission is right, for is not the first verse too reminiscent of Red Indians, and the last of Jezebel's fate?

All such cursings and imprecations are of great historic value as showing the intensity of Jewish nationalism, and we do not deny that English congregations may find profound satisfaction in singing them with modern application, especially after defeat. The trouble is that the English congregations are likely to sing them with a satisfaction surpassing the limits of charity, and without any historic sense at all. These entreaties that hot burning coals may fall upon the heads of the Psalmist's personal enemies, that they may be cast into the fire and go down into the pit, are all very "human," but hardly in accordance with the divine teaching of a later period. So they are just as well omitted from Common Prayer among people who do not consider their historic or literary value, but probably apply them to their country's foes or their disagreeable neighbors.

As to the suggested explanations of obscure passages and obsolete words, there can be even less objection. In mere words, there are two points we should question. In Psalm 40, verse 6, why have the Revisionists left the obsolete use "to usward" (Prayer Book "to us-ward")? We talk of "to leeward" certainly, but the tmesis "to usward" must be almost incomprehensible to most English people now, and is quite obsolete. Still more are we puzzled by the suggestion of "unpatient" for "impatient" in Psalm 99, verse 1. There may be authority for "unpatient," though we have never seen the word, but in any case we should have thought the version "be the people never so impatient" was good enough for Common Prayer. Instead of the suggested "rebellious" we should have liked "runagates" left—an excellent word, recalling the delightful description of spiteful gossips who "grin like a dog, and run about the city." As to Sihon, king of the Amorites, and Og, the king of Bashan, we remain indifferent to their fate and the alterations in their spelling.

The actual interpretations or attempted explanations of the many obscurities appear to us advantageous almost without exception. In a few instances the obscurity cannot be cleared up, and perhaps in those cases it would be better to omit the passage altogether. What, for instance, can anyone understand by the words in Psalm 2, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry"? Yet the Revisionists have in despair left it as it stands. In the difficult and hardly comprehensible passages of the so-called "Funeral Psalm," there is no loss of beauty in the proposed change, and a glimmering of meaning may be detected. Instead of "But who regardeth the power of thy wrath: for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is thy displeasure," we may now read, "But who regardeth the power of thy wrath: or feareth aright thy indignation?" And instead of "Comfort us again now after the time that thou hast plagued us," we may read, "Comfort us again now according to the time that thou hast plagued us." But in any case that does not appear

to us a really pious or reverential prayer. In the beautiful astronomical poem of "Cœli enarrant" (Psalm 19), there is an immense improvement in the third and fourth verses: "There is neither speech nor language, and their voice is not heard. Yet their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world." Equally fine is the simple emendation of the question-mark in: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help?" So, too, in Psalm 68 (perhaps the most emended of all) we can now understand verse 16, reading, "Why mock ye so, ye high hills?" in place of "Why hop ye so?" which was always ridiculous. And in the same Psalm (verse 11) we like the change, "The Lord gave the word: great was the company of women that bare the tidings," which is better in every way than the dismal picture of "Great was the company of the preachers." So, too, "The enemies of the Lord shall be as the flower of the field" (though we should have preferred "as the grass of the field") is better than "as the fat of lambs." And, again, in the exquisite poem beginning, "Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks," it is a great comfort to read, "One deep calleth another because of the noise of thy water-floods," even though that is not quite clear, in place of "because of the noise of the water-pipes," with the suggestion of the perennial plumber. And again in the bridal song of Psalm 45, there is a very important emendation in verse 12; for, instead of "He is thy Lord God, and worship thou him," we may now read, "So shall the king have pleasure in thy beauty: for he is thy lord, and worship thou him," obviously referring to the reverential respect that an old-fashioned bride was supposed to feel towards the bridegroom.

Many other instances of excellent alteration we could give, and (to return for a moment to the use of single words) we are glad to see "death" or "pit" used generally for "hell"; "the nations" or "peoples" for "heathen"; and "alive" for "quick," though, to be sure, in the North of England "quick" is still used in that sense, but more commonly in the form of "wick," as the present writer always heard it in Yorkshire when a hare was still alive after the harriers had run it down.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

AMERICA is a land of universities. Where eighteen colleges satisfy our appetite for the higher learning, the American counts his university institutions by the hundred. There is no limit to the number or the type. You can learn there every subject from Assyriology to Zymotic disease. You can visit faculties almost as large as English universities, and student bodies as large as a respectable town. You can be lectured to, you can take correspondence courses (chiropody by correspondence is the attractive offer of one institution), you can write endless weekly themes, or those curious discourses for the higher degrees—essays, for instance, on adjectives signifying blood in Middle English—which make you, a little curiously perhaps, a doctor in philosophy. And when you have attained that eminence, you can, if you will, go forth to teach also.

But if you decide upon an academic career, you will be well advised first to study Mr. Upton Sinclair's new book.* Mr. Sinclair has long been known as one of the most courageous and effective muckrakers in America; and nothing he has written is more courageous or more

effective than this study of the American university. He dwells, of course, almost exclusively on the pathological side. Much could, and ought to, be said of great American scholars: of historians like Haskins and McIlwain; of physicists like Michelson; of chemists like Richards; of philosophers and lawyers like James and Roscoe Pound. [That is a large credit side to the accounting; but, from Mr. Sinclair's description, the colleges have need of it. For his picture is of a soul-destroying process. It is a picture of men seeking to devote themselves to truth, and being ruthlessly destroyed because their opinions do not suit the order in financial control. It is of University Presidents who become suppliants at the table of the rich. It is of ardent scholars who are ground into subjection once their notions suggest that American capitalism was not conceived under the providence of God. It is of great teachers who are made to toe the line as soon as they think for themselves. In Assyriology, of course, even in literature (especially the Romance languages), a measure of freedom exists; but once one moves to the sphere of contemporary problems, the university exacts, and, for the most part, receives, beatification of the existing order.]

It is not to be thought that Mr. Sinclair paints an imaginary picture. The book, as the French say, is *bien documenté*; and anyone who has seen the system from the inside will know how large a measure of truth it contains. Professor Nearing is dismissed from Pennsylvania because he asks inconvenient questions of that great evangelist, Mr. William Sunday. Professor Levine is driven from Montana for publishing an indictment of the mine-taxation methods in the State. Professor E. A. Ross is thrown out of Leland Stanford because he opposes that cheap Chinese labor from which the late Senator Stanford had made a fortune. Mr. Allen Eaton disappears from Oregon because, finding that the water-supply of the town is poisoned, he is unwise enough to emulate the doctor in Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." Professor Howarth is "dropped" from California because trade unions liked his extension lectures. When Professor Chafee defended the dissent of Holmes and Brandeis, JJ., in the infamous Abrams case, he was solemnly charged by a group of lawyers and tried before a Harvard Committee. Men like Charles Beard and Thorstein Veblen have been driven from university life. If John Dewey remains, it is by accident rather than design.

Anyone accustomed to the ways of English academic life will feel a natural astonishment at the record. And it must be added that there are few genuine exceptions. If the history of Columbia is atrocious, the reputation of Harvard, as Mr. Sinclair shows, is akin to a whited sepulchre. Radical-minded people find it difficult to enter university life; if they do enter, they do not get promoted; if they once overstep the line drawn by the powers in control, there is an end to their career. And this does not affect teachers only. It affects the students, and it affects the intellectual life of America. There are universities which do not permit radicals to lecture to college societies. Harvard made it impossible for men to sympathize with the grievances of the Boston police, though it placed no barriers in the way of opposition to them. When the late President of Connecticut College found that the trustees were abusing the funds he was soon dismissed from his job. What is required is, as Mr. Sinclair says, the goose-step; and the serried battalions of professors foot it proudly, thanking God that they are not as other men.

What is the root of the situation? For the most part, it is the domination of the Boards of Trustees by the big financial interests. They make the presidents their hirelings, and they are used to stop all criticism

* "The Goose-Step: a Study of American Education." (Pasadena, Cal., the Author. \$2.)

that in any degree challenges their prerogative. That is what President Nicholas Butler has done for years at Columbia; it is what Chancellor Day did, even more ruthlessly, at Syracuse. The professor does not have direct dealings with his masters; the president is their intermediary, and the long search for promotion must be made through him. Please the trustees by, for example, a false valuation of public utilities to be transferred to municipal ownership, and fortune smiles upon you; prove that the Anaconda Copper Company (O! sublime name!) has swallowed more than its share, and you make a rapid exit. Is it any wonder that, at least openly, not a single professor of economics in America is a Socialist? Is it a matter for remark that no work of importance in political science has come from an American university these fifty years?

The Englishman who wants to grasp the position must try and imagine a kindred picture in this country. Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. R. H. Tawney, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, Mr. Graham Wallas, and Professor Gilbert Murray, would all be pretty certain of dismissal from their posts; for all have attacked the social order at some fragile part. The students would not be allowed to invite Mr. Bertrand Russell, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Norman Angell, or Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to speak to them. Honorary degrees would descend in red silk showers upon the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Sydenham, and Mr. Harold Cox. References to Socialism would always be made by opponents who were anxious to show the authorities the ferocity of their opposition. Private efforts would be made to reduce the number of Jews at Oxford and Cambridge; and Hindus, in their freshman year, would not be allowed to live in college. Criticism of the British Constitution would be heresy, and membership of the Labor Party would be equivalent to a request for expulsion. One or two universities would refuse to allow the teaching of Darwinism; and chairs would be established to explain the horrors of Socialism and the economic splendor of a protective tariff.

Yet the disease may one day produce, even in America, its own remedy. A keen observer may, like Mr. Sinclair, detect signs of hope in the way in which small bands of students are protesting against the present régime. He may remind himself that not even the best organized intrigues have been able to expel Professor Frankfurter and Dean Pound from Harvard. He may detect in the frenzied hate for the colleges of one-hundred per cent. Americanism (generally disguised as a "Better America League") signs that even now the leaven is slowly making its way. But the large outlines of Mr. Sinclair's indictment bear the unquestionable evidence of truth. The American universities are deprived, at least in the social sciences, of any disinterested zeal for truth by the iron control of partisan, and often ignorant, business men. They are deliberately made to serve the interests of an economic system against which the moral indictment is probably graver than could be drawn against any other. They destroy the ability and honesty of their teachers. They make them sacrifice their conscience to the service of a cause in which they rarely believe with conscience. Originality becomes the slave of convention; and convention is the child of what Bentham called sinister interests.

So far, at least, we have not, in England, been the prey of these calamities. We have, indeed, our difficulties and doubts. A scientific theology is sacrificed, as Professor Dicey ironically showed, to the privileged position of Anglicanism at Oxford and Cambridge. Trinity College expelled Mr. Bertrand Russell; and, now and again, mumblings of discontent have been heard at

the newer universities against men whose opinions have failed to coincide with those of the business men on the governing body. With the growing power of Labor, these feelings may, unless we are watchful, become exacerbated to the danger-point. Mr. Sinclair has served us well by explaining in detail the results of attaching a penalty to university thought. Ideas are too rare and too precious not to be left untouched in that atmosphere of freedom which alone permits their life.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALISM AND MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

SIR,—What is the cause of the present discontents in the Liberal Party? It is of a personal nature, and no useful purpose is served by being blind to the fact and pretending otherwise. Many Liberals, whilst recognizing the services of Mr. Lloyd George, in common with those of others, rightly or wrongly believe that he acted an unworthy part in the middle of the Great War, and that, in order to attain supreme political power, he adopted standards which no one—not even himself—has dared openly to justify. The passage of time with its gradual unfolding of the truth in regard to his share in the direction of the war has in no wise weakened this belief; far less has it removed the implied reproach.

Again, many Liberals are under the deep and sincere conviction that, with the imminence of a General Election towards the end of 1928, Mr. Lloyd George, by a compact with the Tory Leader, concluded under the specious plea of national unity, deliberately set himself to destroy the Liberal Party. In this calculated and, it is alleged, sinister design, he succeeded in such measure as to render Liberalism, with its own special traditions, a comparatively ineffective instrument of political action during the past four years. With what tragic results England, Europe, and the world know to-day.

The abject failure of Mr. Lloyd George to stand by and defend the enlightened and broadminded principles of his famous Peace Memorandum is regarded by influential Liberals and by many of the rank and file of the Party as one of those lapses of moral courage for which, with all its calamitous implications, he will one day have to answer at the bar of humanity.

There are other counts in the indictment. I will only mention one. Ireland is, so to speak, at our own door. Was there ever so good a cause (I write as a Liberal) served in so bad a way as was the Irish cause during those great and sorrowful years when Mr. Lloyd George was the head of the British Government? Is there a single Liberal who, having something more to live for than a mere name, is not heartily ashamed of the terrible events which led up to, and ultimately compelled, the grant of Freedom from reluctant hands?

The French saying, *Le style c'est l'homme*, is generally accepted as containing a deep and pregnant truth. The cry of to-day, "Unite for the Cause: be not over-nice about your Leader," has surely lurking within it a very grave fallacy. Let Burke, in this matter, be the guide of all true Liberals:—

"My principles enable me to form my judgment upon men and actions in history, just as they do in common life; and are not formed out of events and characters, either present or past. History is a preceptor of prudence, not of principles. The principles of true politics are those of morality enlarged; and I neither now do, nor ever will, admit of any other."

—Yours, &c.,

JAS. B. BAILLIE.

West Finchley.

BIRTH CONTROL.

SIR,—The muddle displayed by the contributor of the article in your last issue entitled "The Demand for Birth Control" requires that those who think that birth control can aid men to guide and regulate their destiny should set

forth some reasons for their opinion. It is wrong to say that all believers in the utility of birth control ignore the influence exercised by environment over human life; and if, as your contributor seems to hold, pessimism leads men to seek out means of improving the lot of mankind, then to bathe the race in pessimism might prove the most efficacious method of attaining a better society.

To begin with, advocates of birth control are confused with those who say that the world is overcrowded. Considerations of humanity—at bottom the justification for the housing and education your contributor would further, apparently even though obliged, if Home Secretary, to dismiss factory inspectors and abandon life-boat stations—lead many people to say that family life would be happier, and children and mothers more healthy, if the blind forces of Nature were controlled by the mother who must bear the child and the father who must earn for it. Students of the problem of population are concerned with other matters. A slight acquaintance with practical conditions of agriculture, or with agrarian history, or even with the most elementary textbooks of economics, teaches that the production of food cannot be increased as fast as human beings can multiply. There are reasons for thinking that the Law of Diminishing Returns operates as well in industry as in agriculture, and, if this be so, additional people consume more than the produce, are “devouring mouths” and not “active hands.” Overpopulation exists when, relatively to productive resources, too many people live to maintain any given standard of life. It is argued by students of population, first, that the world to-day may be, and not improbably is, over-populated; and secondly, that if the population of the world continues to grow as it did in the nineteenth century, the world very shortly will be disastrously over-populated.

Your contributor also holds the common and confused idea that “Science”—that potent witch-doctor whom sentimentalists often expect to exorcise our difficulties by means of gibberish or equations—has to-day the power to make men's lives much better. I venture to think that the corpus of existing scientific knowledge cannot effect a great and immediate improvement in human affairs, at least when the necessary balance between exertion and satisfaction has been achieved. For, did they exist, who are the wicked conspirators who hide these possible benefits? This belief may be provisionally (if strongly) held without losing faith—provided that war does not destroy our civilization—in the power of Science to discover gradually methods of bettering man's lot; but to complain that three or four centuries of modern scientific work have not achieved Utopia is childish. Nature yields her secrets unwillingly, as will be quickly realized by all who reflect, for example, that the profound intellect of Newton was needed to develop the calculus, an instrument used and understood by many quite ordinary mortals.

Those who think that the world is over-populated make no silly claim that birth control will resolve all our difficulties. They desire numbers to be limited in order that environment, by means of the gradual potent help of Science, may be improved; in order that those who live may lead better lives. They recognize and attack the specific problems of housing and education, the general question of the social organization which produces and distributes wealth. But neither students of the problem of population nor advocates of birth control argue that promiscuous love-making should be encouraged, or, for the matter of that, even tolerated. The importance of a visit such as Dr. Marie Stopes paid to Oxford (bitterly objected to by your contributor as an encouragement of licence) is that young people thus learn that there exists a problem of population. Only minds obsessed by sexual fears and tormented by irresponsible desires will argue that young undergraduates who consider this question thereby “weaken inhibitions.”—Yours, &c.,

J. MENKEN.

Purleigh, Essex.

SIR,—The two letters by “Critic” and “Inquirer” in *THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM* for March 10th do not seem to solve the problem. The writers should read “Maternity: Letters from Working Women.” One letter says: “All the beautiful in motherhood is very nice if one has plenty to bring up a family on, but what real mother is going to bring a life into the world to be pushed into the

drudgery of the world at the earliest possible moment?” And the editor in the Introduction says: “For the State it may be vital to know the result of men and women refusing to give her citizens; but it is still more vital for her to recognize the conditions within her which are leading men and women to this refusal.”

Now, with regard to the ideas of “Inquirer” about remedies, if such social improvements are carried out it must lead the lower stratum, which is most prolific, to adopt the methods practised by the better-class artisan and middle classes. For if the result of better housing and abolition of slums is reckless increase of population, then we get back to slums and overcrowding again. The idea that “sexual intercourse is only for offspring” is not at all in accordance with the best writers on such matters. See, for instance, Havelock Ellis and others. As for the results of the Stopes trial, one has only to take a walk among the book-shops, and see the greatly increased supplies to meet the increased demand.—Yours, &c.,

X.

MR. RAPHAEL ROCHE'S LIFEBOAT.

SIR,—We shall all agree that Mr. Raphael Roche cannot be expected himself to cure the whole of the “million chronic incurables.” He appeals for volunteers to “man his lifeboat,” and kindly “offers the drilling” necessary.

I, in common with all other doctors, have a large number of patients whom I should like to be able to “cure.” As Mr. Roche says that he possesses the secret whereby all these may be cured, is it asking too much to request him to make public that secret through your columns? Or is it, perhaps, a secret incommunicable by words? His two articles refer merely to the limitations of the doctors. Of those we are well aware. What we should value is some idea of the nature of his own “discovery.”—Yours, &c.,

HARRY ROBERTS.

63, Harford Street, E. 1.

HOUSING AND LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

SIR,—Mr. McG. Eagar is correct in saying the Housing Act of 1919 is still in existence and makes it obligatory on Local Authorities to exercise their powers—as often as occasion arises. But the withdrawal of the financial assistance provided for in the Act made it a tragic “scrap of paper” for the workers.

To-day, Mr. Neville Chamberlain says the Government will give a subsidy of £6 per non-parlor house for twenty years. What is to happen at the end of that period? Are the Local Authorities to foot the loss? Will not this limited subsidy encourage reactionary authorities, who are opposed to municipal housing, to refuse to proceed? I submit the total amount, £120, should be given in a lump sum immediately, and there should be no restriction to non-parlor type of house.

To-day we could build good parlor houses for £450, or less subsidy of £120, £330 net.

After providing sinking fund, interest, and allowance for repairs and management, these could be let at 8s. per week, or, if repayment were spread over eighty years, 7s. 6d. per week.

A much simpler way out would be for the Government to find money for housing at 3 per cent., giving Local Authorities a free hand. The Local Authorities would then know where they were, and could house the people in healthy, sunlit homes at an economic rent.—Yours, &c.,

T. SHRIMPTON

Verney House, Torquay.

THE PLIGHT OF HUNGARIAN CHILDREN.

SIR,—As you are aware, some fifteen hundred Austrian and Hungarian children were, as the only alternative to their deaths by starvation, brought to England for a year's hospitality in 1919-1920, by the Famine Area Children's Hospitality Committee. Since their repatriation, the Committee (now the Children's Hospitality After-Care Committee) have continued to feed and clothe the children wherever necessary—as naturally it mostly is under the economic conditions at present obtaining in Central Europe.

For administrative purposes, the work, which is all voluntary, has been divided into two sections: one to deal with the children in Hungary, the other to deal with the children in Austria. It is on behalf of the former that I would ask your readers' generosity. Some idea of the terrible poverty, even of the middle classes, may be gauged from the following figures:—

Flour in 1914 cost .41 K. a kg., now costs 156 K.;
Bread cost .30 K. a kg., now costs 96 K.;
Milk cost .28 K. a ltr., now costs 38 K.;
Men's shoes cost 15 K. a pair, now cost 3,800-9,000 K.;
Men's suits cost 60 K., now cost 15,000-30,000 K.;

while salaries have not increased in anything like the same proportion.

Imagine rearing a family under such conditions! Necessarily, the money—such as it is!—has to go on food and the keeping of a roof overhead. Clothing and household linen have perforce to take a back place—with what degree of suffering to the children can be imagined.

May I appeal to your readers to help me clothe those of our children who live under these conditions in Hungary? Money, boots and shoes, garments of every description, are all needed, and should be sent to me at 22, Broadwater Street West, Worthing.—Yours, &c.,

E. E. WHEATLAND,

Clothing Secretary for Budapest Sub-Committee,
Children's Hospitality After-Care Committee.

JUNG'S "PSYCHOLOGICAL TYPES."

SIR,—If my very inadequate preface to this book misled Mr. Murry into the belief that it was dealing with a certain medical technique known as psycho-analysis, I can only express my sincere regret. Writing from memory, I do not think that Jung uses the word throughout the book, and nothing but some obstinate preconception could have persuaded a more than usually discerning critic to conclude that the author's theme was at all deeply concerned either with the treatment or the psychology of neurotics. The work might, indeed, be regarded as the tomb of psycho-analysis as a more or less arbitrary medico-psychological cult, but it also contains the first beginnings of the science of psychology in any real meaning of the word.

To anyone who knows anything of Jung personally, or who has ever felt the quality of his mind, the picture of him conjured up by Mr. Murry is so palpably the projection of the latter's own particular bogey about the subject, that one can only wonder whether, beneath his momentary *joie de diable*, he was not aware of a certain doubt as to the value of his own criticism.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. BAYNES.

24, Campden Hill Square, W. 8.

CONFERENCE ON REPARATIONS AND DISARMAMENT.

SIR,—We, the undersigned, while sympathizing deeply with France in her needs for her devastated areas, regard the invasion of the Ruhr and the making of a Customs cordon round the Rhineland and the Ruhr as an outrage upon a peaceful and disarmed people. This policy will not secure reparations; it is directed to the control by France of Germany's heavy industries, and may even lead to an attempt to break up the German commonwealth; it will embitter the feeling of the German people against the French, and thus endanger the security which the French Government advances as one of its prime objects.

We urge the British Government to abandon its attitude of "benevolent neutrality" to this outrage, and to do all in its power to persuade France to come into an international conference, which must include Germany and Russia, for the settlement of the four interdependent questions of

- (1) Reparations;
- (2) Withdrawal of Armies of Occupation;
- (3) Security;
- (4) Universal Disarmament.

(1) and (2). We hold that as Great Britain was greatly responsible for the Treaty of Versailles and derived immense material gain therefrom, she should be prepared to renounce all claim to reparations and to agree to the cancellation of the war debts due to her from her Allies, providing that France will consent to scale down her claim for reparations to such a figure as will, in the opinion of an impartial tribunal, suffice to restore her devastated areas, and will consent to withdraw her armies from the Ruhr and the Rhine. In these circumstances, Great Britain should join in guaranteeing an international loan to France for the amount assessed as necessary for her restoration.

(3) and (4). Believing that so long as the nations continue to maintain and increase their armaments, there can be no security for France or any other country, we call upon the British Government to propose a policy of universal disarmament.

MARGARET MCKILLOP

BARBARA DRAKE	(Chairman)	} Fabian Women's Group.
ETHEL BENTHAM		
OLIVER DRYNE		
G. P. GOOCH		
GERTRUDE EATON		
G. LOWES DICKINSON		} Fellowship of Reconciliation.
GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.		
(Chairman)		} Kensington Women's International League.
HAROLD J. MORLAND		
(Treasurer)		} No More War: War Resisters' International.
BEATRICE M. BROWN (Secretary)		
JOHN W. GRAHAM (Chairman)		} Peace Committee of the Society of Friends.
BERTRAND PICKARD (Secretary)		
W. PAUL (Chairman)		} Professional Union of Trained Nurses.
MAUD MCCALLUM (Secretary)		
H. M. SWANWICK		} Women's International League.
KATE COURTNEY of Penwith		
MARY CHICK		
MARGARET POLLOCK		

Poetry.

ORPHEUS.

WHEN Orpheus with his wind-swift fingers
Ripples the strings that gleam like rain,
The wheeling birds fly up and sing.
Hither, thither echoing;
There is a crackling of dry twigs,
A sweeping of leaves along the ground,
Fawny faces and dumb eyes
Peer through the fluttering screens
That mask ferocious teeth and claws
Now tranquil.
As the music sighs up the hill-side,
The young ones hear,
Come skipping, ambling, rolling down,
Their soft ears flapping as they run,
Their fleecy coats catching in the thickets,
Till they lie, listening, round his feet.
Unseen for centuries,
Fabulous creatures creep out of their caves.
The unicorn
Prances down from his bed of leaves,
His milk-white muzzle still stained green
With the munching, crunching of mountain-herbs.
The griffin, usually so fierce,
Now tame and amiable again,
Has covered the white bones in his secret cavern
With a rustling pall of dank dead leaves,
While the salamander, true lover of art,
Flickers, and creeps out of the flame;
Gently now, and away he goes,
Kindles his proud and blazing track
Across the forest,
Lies listening,
Cools his fever in the flowing water of the lute.
* * * * *
But when the housewife returns,
Carrying her basket,
She will not understand.
She misses nothing,
Hears nothing.
She will only see
That the fire is dead,
The grate cold.
* * * * *
But the child upstairs,
Alone, in the empty cottage,
Heard a strange wind, like music,
In the forest,
Saw something creep out of the fire.

OSBERT SITWELL.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE conspicuous strength of British Government Stocks has been the feature of the Stock Exchange this week, Consols and Conversion Loan being particularly prominent. This development was, in part, due to the suspension of the issue of Treasury Bonds and to rumors of the Treasury's intention of putting 4 per cent. Bonds on sale after the turn of the financial year. But a greater influence was exerted by monetary prospects. At the close of the present month repayments of National War Bonds and distribution of dividends on the Conversion Loan will practically assure a period of easy and plentiful money, and it is on this prospect that the gilt-edged market this week has kept its eye. Also, money this week has surprised the prophets by failing to harden. Elsewhere, Stock Market movements are not particularly interesting. A domestic Stock Exchange sensation was caused by Tuesday's election of the Committee, when Sir William A. Clay, one of the best chairmen the House has ever had, was defeated.

There is now a disposition among exchange experts to think that the rise of sterling towards parity with the dollar will be a slower process than has recently been assumed in some quarters; a check in the movement has, for the present, been imposed by the discrepancy between money rates in London and New York. The expected date of the achievement of parity may be taken to be slightly postponed. This week's currency movement that has attracted most notice is the sharp recovery of the French franc from 75, at last week's closing, to 72. It is difficult to find in the economic position of France any intrinsic reason for this movement, which may be ascribed to sentiment and manipulation. The steadiness of the German mark well on the right side of the 100,000 level continues.

BUDGET AND TAXATION.

My apprehension that I should get into trouble with some readers for anticipating, as I did last week, that nothing like "a shilling off the Income Tax" can be expected in the coming Budget has been fulfilled. At least one reader appears to think that my purpose was to argue against reduction of Income Tax. That really is not quite fair. I have on this page consistently pointed out the crying need for retrenchment in public expenditure in order that tax-relief may be given. What I do not support is tax-relief out of proportion to economies and at the expense of reasonable provision for debt reduction. The object of my paragraph last week was to show that the economies in the Estimates are not sufficient to put the Chancellor in a position in which he can properly and soundly make any substantial reduction in taxation. Budget prophecy is a ticklish and thankless task, but I do not think I shall be proved to be very far wrong when Budget-day arrives. If we are to have a shilling off the Income Tax, or any boon of those dimensions, there will have to be a departure from the principles of sound budgeting such as Mr. Baldwin is, in the common estimation, incapable of permitting. In saying this I am not unmindful of the fact that revenue continues to come in wonderfully well, and the outlook is becoming slightly more favorable for the taxpayer; while, on the other hand, the demand for lower taxes is becoming even more intense than is customary just before Budget time. The Budget, I understand, will be introduced about the middle of April.

RUBBER SHARES.

Readers will remember that all through the period of depression in the rubber industry I have constantly advised holders of shares in sound plantation companies to hold on patiently and to turn a deaf ear to the prophets of general ruin. The Rubber Share Market has now been very quiet for some time, following on the substantial advance recorded a few months ago, and the doubt seems to be arising in many investors' minds as to whether the time has not come to give up hopes of a further advance and sell. I have not the space to go into the rather complicated rubber position at great

length, but in general my advice remains unchanged. Where a holder is satisfied that his company is financially sound and well managed, he should, in my opinion, continue to hold on. Unless I read the situation all wrong, the maintenance of the price of rubber round about its present level for a considerable period is the worst that holders of rubber shares need fear; while conditions are such that a sudden temporary rise accompanied by excitement in the share market is a decided possibility somewhere in the present year. To sell, for instance, sound investment holdings like Anglo-Dutch or Rubber Trusts just now—the latter, by the way, are the object of much present talk and attention—would be to gain nothing and to lose reasonably good hope of improvement. Much, of course, depends upon the continuance of American trade activity, from which much is hoped; but on the other hand, there is no present reason for holders to take much notice of the talk in the United States of the project for developing rubber plantations in the Philippines. In brief, if you have got a good rubber share, keep it and watch the course of events.

INVESTORS AND BALANCE SHEETS.

The campaign for clearer and more informative balance sheets is gathering momentum, and a good lead has been given by the Rubber Shareholders' Association. The Committee of this body have issued suggested forms for standardized accounts for rubber plantation companies, and base their proposals on the three following postulates:—(1) The object of all bookkeeping should be the providing of a true and complete statement of affairs as at any given date; (2) the owners of a business are entitled to the information provided by correct bookkeeping; and (3) in the case of a joint-stock company the owners of the business are the shareholders. It is to be hoped that rubber companies will adopt the spirit of these statements. But rubber companies are by no manner of means the worst offenders in the matter of elusive accounts. Compared, for instance, with many shipping company balance sheets, rubber company accounts are often lucidity itself; and probably the most unsatisfactory position of all exists in the case of big combines or holding companies. The accounts of many holding companies leave shareholders lamentably in the dark about the position and conduct of their subsidiaries. It is the case of holding companies that calls most urgently for attention from those who are fighting for greater publicity in company accounts. The House of Commons is now in the middle of a full-dress debate on the shortcomings of the "capitalist" system. Laconic and secretive company accounts provide Socialists with an argument which, curiously enough, they do not seem to have grasped. Standardized accounts for joint-stock companies of all sorts and descriptions are an impossibility; but if hosts of company directors refuse to yield information which both shareholders and employees think they ought to have, the result may be an attempt to compel some approach to standardization through amendment of the Company Acts.

NEW ISSUES.

Borrowers have been taking very good advantage of the last full business week before the Easter holidays; and an unusual rush of new flotations has taken place. They are of a very varied nature, and on the whole it may be said that the public response accorded reveals the existence of a large amount of money in the pockets of the public, which they are ready enough to bring out whenever they think they see a favorable opportunity, whether for sound investment or for promising speculation. The Jamaica Government 4½ per cent. Loan was over-subscribed, and a rapid success was achieved by Illingworth, Morris & Co.'s £1,000,000 6 per cent. debenture issue—an issue wisely made to replace 8 per cent. short-term notes. The Great Eastern Train Ferries issue marks an interesting experiment, which, if speculative, is in good hands; and the investor will note as a feature of the recent campaign in the new capital market the frequency of rubber and other plantation issues.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM



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The World of Books.

At a recent exhibition of the first editions of modern books, the most astonishing feature of the show was not the fact that some authors whose works are not as familiar to us as the Russell baby, yet appear to be desired ardently, for no reasonable reason, by collectors. What astonished a visitor was the display of everything H. G. Wells has published; all that he has written and published, let us remember, in this very lifetime of ours which most of us have spent considering (all in vain) which topic would be most suitably honored by our immortal name. It was not easy to believe that array of volumes. A scandalizing collection, big enough for six good men! It had to be touched to be believed; enumeration would carry no conviction. No grudging critic, however strongly fortified by his assurance of the right criteria, could view that display of authentic labor and not feel an unpleasant tremor. The criteria are nice handy things, of course, for measuring the work of other men; but, after all, the work is that of other men. At first you could hardly credit that any one man had even read all those books; yet, when the eye traversed their titles in their order, they were at once familiar; the contents of each were certainly known. One had read them.

"THE Time-Machine" was consumed, I remember, between the bookshop and the house; I seemed to have taken no time to walk home, and yet I arrived with nothing to read. I shall make no effort to find a secret of aesthetics in this intense and rapid absorption of the book; for the same may be said (though not by me) of "If Winter Comes." One would have to be intellectual to the point of sterility not to persist with "The Invisible Man," to learn what happens to him; though what happens to any man who is so remarkably different from his fellows? And consider this: without noticeably diminishing Mr. Wells's long list, which includes "This Misery of Boots," "The Wonderful Visit," and "Tono-Bungay," you may take out two such diverse works as "Mr. Polly" and the "Outline of History," and say that of either of them an enviable reputation could be made. Yet they just happened casually of a tropical fecundity of mind, like the political tracts and the short stories. After we have explained accurately all that comforts us about the prose style of Mr. Wells, the fact persists that Mr. Polly's adventures are as right

as this year's crocuses and next year's; and that the History, though thrown off between novels and fantasies, would be considered by most of us to crown a long life which otherwise would have been unremarkable. And now Mr. Wells has added another fantasy to the list—"Men Like Gods" (Cassell). What most of us have labored to do, but have failed to do, Mr. Wells, by some lightning jugglery, contrives to present with ease and grace. He somehow gets this Age of Confusion so placed that we can see our capers objectively, and without embarrassment, as we do those of our little cousins to whom we give our holiday nuts. Yet there is no denying the resemblances. He takes a shrewd hint from the recent speculations of the physicists, and uses it to get a few representative motor-loads of us conjured off the Maidenhead Road (there was a slight whirl of dust and a sound like the breaking of a bow-string) into Utopia.

SOME of us might object to a few aspects of that Utopia. ("You would," says Mr. Wells; "and I know why.") It is a quiet though enterprising world, where humanity has been rectified into pure mind. It is ugly dirty greedy and bloody no more. The statesmen are with Tutankhamen, and the priests have retired as far as Ur of the Chaldees. The Utopians prefer roses to either of them. As natives of so strange a country, they put wisdom above politics, and knowledge above good intentions. We might find it difficult to live with them. They appear to be able to make their own weather. "Good morning!" said one of the Earthlings to a Utopian. "Why not?" replied the Utopian. What little money they have is in the museums. They are not against the Government. They do not even despise the Government. They have no Government. They happen to know what to do, without being told. Governments are necessary only for Zoos.

BUT probably Mr. Wells would allow us to add to the beatific vision of Utopia just what pleases us, if we like the picture. What he really enjoys in Utopia is in getting a gang of us there, for exhibition on an elevated and isolated platform, in a nice bright light. We see how we look, in this dress, with these thoughts, against a good background. For he allows his Earthlings in Utopia to retain their prejudices. Some of these Earthlings are not disguised at all. We know them. Mr. Wells provides us with an opportunity to witness the gambols of some of our most honored figures where the atmosphere of Whitehall can lend them no support. Out of their native jungle they certainly look queer figures. It was hardly fair of Mr. Wells to deprive them of their trees, which they sadly missed; but the magically changed surroundings certainly provided as adventurous a hunting-ground for satire as any author could pray might be revealed to him in a dream. This book is one of the best Mr. Wells has done. If laughing at ourselves would get us into Utopia as easily as translation through an unknown dimension of space, then this novel might change our thoughts, and so our world.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

PSYCHOLOGY AND POLITICS.

Psychology and Politics. By W. H. R. RIVERS, F.R.S.
(Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.)

THE sudden death of Dr. Rivers last year, when proposing to enter political life, may well be a source of abiding regret. It may be doubtful if he was ever likely to play a great part in politics, whether on the side of Labor or in any other party. But there can be no doubt that he would have carried into it a valuable element, together with a personality that would not have failed to make its mark. On the one hand, his intellect was not so great and remote that it could not easily be brought to bear on practical men and things, and on the other hand—as was clear even to one only privileged to know him slightly—he possessed an effective force of personal character. His whole career, moreover, had been a gradual approach towards practical human affairs. He began as a man of the laboratory, with minute observations in experimental psychology, of which subject, after a course of study in Germany, he was in England the pioneer. Then he accepted Dr. Haddon's invitation to join the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits, and there inaugurated the systematic investigation of lower races by the methods and apparatus of experimental psychology, subsequently extending this work to various other parts of the world. In this way his interest was aroused in the larger problems of ethnology, and especially in the question of the migrations and conflicts of cultures, which at that time were commonly supposed to arise frequently by a spontaneous evolutionary movement, independent of influence from outside; with the change of opinion on this subject Professor Elliot Smith, who prefaces the present volume, has been eminently associated. Then, when the war broke out, Rivers's interests became still more broadened and widely humanized by a return to medical activities. He had at the outset of his career desired to devote himself to the study of insanity, and now he took up psychotherapy. But he took it up in his own fashion, not accepting the Freudian or any other doctrine on trust, but feeling his way cautiously, and moulding his own conception of "shell-shock" and its treatment in accordance with his own observations and experiences, keeping to the facts, as he saw them, and quietly putting aside all extreme doctrinary views; at the same time, he frankly recognized the value of Freud's work in a degree that was not then common in official circles. His own work in this field received wide appreciation and won him devoted friends, while, at the same time, he himself became, it is said, "another and far happier man," gaining a new self-confidence, a wider human sympathy, and an increased power of convinced expression. That is the course of the career traced by Dr. C. S. Myers—whose work has run, to some extent, in a parallel line—in a sketch appended to this volume, and it brings us to within a few months of the end of his life, when he first faced the possibility of political activities.

Of that brief final phase the present volume may be said to be the record. The main part of it consists of three lectures on psychology in relation to politics and sociology, based on the belief that political problems are just as capable of being solved by scientific methods as other problems of social life. "Surely the most remarkable form of appeal to Parliamentary electors in the history of politics," Professor Elliot Smith remarks in the Preface, but still, it may be added, a pleasant change from the too familiar way of regarding politics as a field for random stunts or shallow opportunism. There is not a single reference in these lectures to any definite question at present before the British public. Rivers is concerned with the elements of the subject, with the general principles involved in the formation of any political judgment, and he is on his guard against mere tendencies of the moment which may shortly undergo change. Thus he even utters a warning against attributing excessive importance to his own special subject of psychology, considering that there will certainly be a reaction against the

universal interest which psychology to-day excites, and that the undue emphasis now placed on the instinctive and affective factors of human action, immensely important as they are, will be corrected by a return to a recognition of the place of the intellectual factors in determining human conduct, for "the ultimate factors upon which sane conduct, whether of individual or group, depends are those in which the basic instinctive elements have been modified by reason." The chief point in the first lecture is the conclusion that in comparative sociology and politics the facts of social and political behavior can make a far greater contribution to psychology than any present knowledge of psychology can make to the understanding and treatment of political problems.

The second lecture deals with the place of instinct, or "inherited disposition to behavior," in society, though the lecturer is careful to point out that there is no sharp distinction possible between instinct and intelligence. This leads on to a discussion of the herd instinct, to the distinction between led groups and leaderless groups, and to the place of the leader in modern politics. That place Rivers regards as at present inevitable. He considers that the leader is a descendant of the primitive patriarch; that the attitude of the group towards him involves the germs of faith, reverence, and obedience; and that he probably appeals much less to intelligence than to the herd's instinctive desire for guidance. It may be rather a depressing conclusion, Rivers adds, but he believes, or at all events hopes, that the characteristics of a leader to appeal to popular emotions—if his influence is to be lasting—must include honesty, steadfastness, and altruistic sentiments on a wide foundation.

In the third lecture, on the morbid in sociology, the idea is worked out that the fundamental laws of development are the same in society as in the individual organism; in both we are concerned with the products of vital activity. Revolution is the social counterpart of nightmare, and, like it, the explosion of repressed emotional experiences. The principle of treating the individual by reaching to the underlying causes of the external symptoms, which is the secret of modern psychotherapy, also holds good of social therapy. That means, among other things, that we must make education more truly accessible, and that such education must be rendered really a means whereby the group may enter into such collaboration with its leaders that the disorders of civilization may be remedied and the way opened to health and sanity. A subsequent address on "Education and Mental Hygiene" deals with the same question, but with closer reference to the training of the individual. In an address on "Socialism and Human Nature," delivered less than a fortnight before his death, Rivers showed, as he was well qualified to do from his experiences of varied human groups, that communities differ greatly in the preponderance of the individualistic and the socialistic tendency, and that both tendencies are equally natural.

A final lecture on "The Aims of Ethnology," though outside the scope of the volume, embodies a fascinating account of the movement for regarding human culture as in the main the result of migration, rather than of independent spontaneous generations. The magnificent and fruitful work of Professor Elliot Smith is chiefly prominent in this movement, and with it Rivers also was closely associated. Professor Elliot Smith was well justified in including this lecture. But it is unfortunate that he was persuaded to add to it a "Note" which the publishers term "significant." It is not "significant" in any favorable sense, being simply the negative condemnation of numerous distinguished workers whose activities began before the now widely accepted migration theory was put forth. With Wundt, Sir James Frazer, whose name is misspelt, is specially singled out as the "prophet" of a false gospel. The cause of science is not furthered either by careless inaccuracy or by the spirit, and even the language, of fanaticism, now discredited even in those religious circles where it was formerly held to be in place. But this jarring "Note," at all events, serves to bring out more clearly how alien to the mind of Rivers was any harsh intolerance or any depreciation of the great achievements of other workers, even when he was not entirely in accord with their conclusions. This volume is a fine memorial of the last phase of a solid and cautious scientific worker whose grasp of the facts of life was enlarging to the end.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

PROSE AND POETRY.

The Literature of Ecstasy. By ALBERT MORDELL. (Melrose. 7s. 6d.)

If the heroine of "The Young Visitors" had been born in the United States; had been a frequenter of Chautauquas; had subsequently had a subsidized career at one of the smaller Western Universities, and then become acquainted with the shibboleths of Freudian psychology, she might have written as curious a book as Mr. Mordell's "The Literature of Ecstasy." There are passages in this remarkable volume which are pure Ashford—Ashford writing with an eye on the clock and her tongue slightly protruded, though it should be in her cheek. Here is a specimen:—

"The great masters of satire in modern times have done their work in prose, and much of this is poetry. We think of Rabelais, Swift, Voltaire, Anatole France, and Samuel Butler. There is plenty of poetry in 'Penguin Island' and 'Erewhon,' for example. Modern satire is prone to be more poetical than the ancient verse satire, being free from coarseness and insult, and abounding in ideas. Satire is not mere ranting and cursing, but a keen and amusing way of showing forth human follies. You find it in writers as different as Thackeray and Bernard Shaw. Some of the satire in Sinclair Lewis's novel 'Main Street' is excellent poetry. The highest form of satire in all prose writers is poetry, as much so as if put in the heroic couplets of Pope or the *ottava rima* of Byron's 'Vision of Last Judgment.' Satire is poetry when it is universal. Much of the old Arabic poetry was satire and yet genuine poetry. Pope's satires are poetry."

Throughout his book of two hundred and fifty pages Mr. Mordell writes like that, and repeats his thesis with a Coué-ing persistence which may persuade him but will only aggravate his readers. The thesis is, as may be gathered from the quotation, that poetry is poetry—and prose is poetry, and emotion is poetry. "Prose is always poetry when it is sensitized"; and Mr. Mordell, in another passage, turns five lines of "Paradise Lost" into "his own language" (as the examination papers say), and remarks triumphantly that his paraphrase is poetry "if the original is."

The object of this strange nonsense is not very obvious. Mr. Mordell's essay is really only another symptom of a typical modern disease. There is, in certain groups, a dislike of firm outlines, a hatred of definitions, a desire to return to the vague and unresolved chaos out of which generations of writers, working on the material left by others, have gradually evolved order and plan. No gain to aesthetics, no help to poets or prose-writers, can come from a criticism which deliberately endeavors to rob the word "poetry" of its proper meaning, and give to it a new one. The effort is peculiarly perverse, as we already have a word which admirably serves the purpose which Mr. Mordell wishes "poetry" to serve. "Ecstasy" is the recognized word which distinguishes those books which are, in Mr. Mordell's phrase, "the soul of literature."

It would be a tedious and lengthy task to expose a tithe of the errors into which Mr. Mordell strays. He begins with one which has been exposed over and over again when he writes that "the set forms of verse which have grown up among all nations as a vesture for emotional writing, have been more or less pervaded with artificiality." No one with any critical judgment at all could fail to see that Homer and Euripides are far simpler than Thucydides; no one with any knowledge of the origin of written art would be ignorant that heightened emotion in simple people expresses itself in language of regular rhythm. Nor would any critic, at all sensitive to the more precise appeal of the different arts, try to claim for the word "poetry" a meaning which would make poetry indistinguishable from painting, architecture, music, and sculpture. For, if ecstasy is to be the test, why should he exclude from the domain of poetry those other arts in which ecstasy flowers with such strength and such beauty? Why, indeed, should we keep the word for art at all, and not extend it to great and little actions of life, or the sensations of the sensitive observer when confronted by loveliness in Nature?

If any reader should be tempted to pay any serious attention to Mr. Mordell's generalizations about the nature of poetry, we can only recommend to his attention the critic's remarks on particular artists or poems. The man who could find poetry in "Erewhon" and "Main Street" would no doubt find it in Euclid (as Lewis Carroll did) and in "Poverty

and Progress"; but what are we to say of a critic of poetry and ecstasy who solemnly writes:—

"You will find greater literature in books like Taine's 'History of English Literature,' or Hazlitt's essays, even in those passages which do not belong to the literature of ecstasy, than in many poems of James Whitcomb Riley or Longfellow. The two latter produced many poems that belong to the literature of emotion, but while they are genuine poets, they are intellectually deficient?"

Hazlitt and James Whitcomb Riley—why not Pater and Ella Wheeler Wilcox? Mr. Mordell is, however, to be found at his own wild and Western best in the chapter "Poetry Rises above Art." He there inveighs against the way in which the world and the critics have combined to keep under the men with ideas, the rebel, the intellectual libertine, the upholder of "advanced thought." He quotes many stock instances—Whitman, Tolstoy, Zola; and he ends with this shattering climax:—

"Nothing better illustrates the harm which may result from the theory that shuns a purpose in art, than the neglect it brings about for books with an unpopular message. England, for example, has neglected the best work of one of the poets of the 'nineties, who intellectually ranks with her best poets."

We paused then, at the end of a page, and tried to remember a poet of the 'nineties who was gravely neglected, and who could rank intellectually with, say, Browning, Arnold, Milton, Dryden, Donne. Ashamed, we had to admit failure—we could think of no one. So we looked at the next page for Mr. Mordell's neglected poet. He was not of the 'nineties (except that he died in 1891)—but the name was certainly a surprise—"Who reads the later work of Robert Buchanan? Attention is riveted to his early lyrics, and good as these are, his more thoughtful poetry has been forgotten. . . . Buchanan is not any more didactic than Browning, but since he represents bold speculation (and also made too many personal enemies) he was throttled by Philistinism." After all, it is not perhaps surprising that the man who can find intellectual eminence in "The Wandering Jew," "St. Abe and his Seven Wives," and "The Devil's Case," should prefer to find poetry in prose.

FOREIGN PARTS.

Back to the Long Grass: My Link with Livingstone. By DAN CRAWFORD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 16s.)

A Tenderfoot in Colorado. By R. B. TOWNSHEND. (The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.)

The Untamed. By DAVID GREW. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

In a Fishing Country. By W. H. BLAKE. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

If Mr. Crawford's account of his missionary travels in the footsteps of Livingstone had been a quarter of its present length, it would have been a book in a hundred. As it is, what can one make of it? Certainly, it is not commonplace; indeed, it bears the stamp of an odd and virile personality, bewilderingly unlike the common run of missionaries. In theology, Mr. Crawford challenges the seventeenth-century commentators on the Bible; in ethnology and etymology, he could put up a good debate with Sir Harry Johnston; he is full of savory quotations; he has Livingstone's travels and character at his fingers' ends, and the record of African itineraries has seldom had the luck of such sympathetic, literary, speculative—yes, and witty qualifications. And yet it is probable that nine readers out of ten would find the book unreadable. An allusive, digressive writer needs no recommendation if, like the swallows, he preserves his sense of direction. But with Mr. Crawford it is nearly all long grass, and the fatigue of hunting for the main trail makes the reader feel he is indeed lost in Central Africa. The foppishness and artificiality of the writing are, again, too much even for Mr. Crawford's equilibrist feats of engaging our attention. And for a man of his mental calibre he does think and write the most extraordinary things. In the course of a metaphysical excursion, you marvel at "Hats off to the Ladies." Following upon a disquisition upon the superstitions of the heathen, he relates the story of the Lion and the Lake, which is very mystical indeed. His wife was crossing the

lake and got lost in a belt of bulrushes. "What about prayer?" "The answer is so authentic that no number of scoffers can gainsay same." Mark you, a lion roars, and a lion means land. "Still it roars, and still they (the boat party) approach it, but as sure as they are advancing, so surely is the roaring receding; receding, yes, because Christ is interceding." "Even the rough old fisherman (a native)," adds Mr. Crawford, "was forced to see God in it." Such a story helps us to see light, though not quite in Mr. Crawford's sense. We see that the conversion from Pagan to Christian belief need not prove so eruptive and dislocating a process as some doubters have thought. In the same style is the story of the University young man who took to morphia and shot himself on the banks of one of the interior rivers. Morphia was the natural result of discipleship to Huxley, and a hell on earth "the ugly issue of this 'no hell' fiction." Yet, in spite of these ugly lapses, in spite of its pretentiousness and complacency, in spite of its long-windedness, the book has a quality, mental and spiritual, that a reviewer, hardly patient, may enjoy and respect.

Mr. Townshend's account of his experiences as a cattle rancher in the unsettled West in the early 'seventies is amusingly extreme in the opposite direction. A select librarian might interview the book and say: "Yes, honest, reliable, good-tempered, and creditable, if not exactly brilliant. There is a place for you on the shelves." It is not the Colorado of the cinemas, nor is it Mr. Davies's "dark Colorado scaling his huge rocks," but something betwixt and between, and it gives the point of view of the better type of early settler, at a time when the vast plains had not been uglified by miners' shanties, barbed wire, and the destructive haste and greed of a raw commercialism, and antelope and bison still roamed their expanse. The author shows an equal independence of the current ethics of the time when he describes the remedy of lynch-law for horse-and-cattle-thieves as worse than the disease. It is pleasant to read of such things in a book of this kind, for it shows that sentiment about them is not confined to "tenderfeet" in armchairs. On the other hand, we shall look in vain for much beyond a direct and sturdy account of the everyday life of a cattleman; here is no Hudson on the equally vast pampas of the Plate River and Patagonia. "However, I have no time to waste over fancies," cold shoulders our hopes, when we come upon something we want to hear about rather more than the details of round-ups and the like—for instance, the effects and atmosphere of the plains, the tribal life of the dispossessed Indians, and that queer custom of theirs of hanging up bits of gaily colored rag on the bushes of a sacred well. Settlers are incurious folk, and the more grateful are we, therefore, for Mr. Townshend's spirited description of the matriarchal system prevailing among the cows of the semi-feral cattle.

"The Untamed" is a highly successful attempt to treat the horses of the formerly Wild Western Canadian plains "as fellow-beings, subject as we are to limitations," without anthropomorphizing them. Only Seton Thompson has brought that off; other writers in the same genre are a catalogue of failures. Mr. Grew, in a delightfully easy, swinging narrative, describes how a foal escapes from the branding with its mother and a few others. Our response to the author's feeling and charm is not strained by endowing the horse with an almost human intelligence and foresight.

Mr. Blake's "In a Fishing Country" is a pleasant and profitable account of the Quebec region and its fishing amenities, told in a style of close texture with learned antiquarian and meteorological excursions. Particularly interesting is an attempt to identify Murray Bay with the sagas and "Vinland." We may pass over the description of the woodmen shooting timber wolves because of their pleasure in killing without allowing a sense of irony to divert us from enjoying a graphic book.

LEG-PULLING.

Memories of the Future: being Memoirs of the Years 1915-1972. Written in the Year of Grace 1988 by OPAL, LADY PORSTOCK. Edited by RONALD A. KNOX. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

MR. RONALD KNOX, we feel sure, is innocent of Message. "Memories of the Future," judged as a social forecast, might, perhaps, be considered depressing as a work of pure enter-

tainment its brilliance is so remarkable that the reviewer, worn by merriment, has no course but to stand aside and let the quotations speak for themselves.

Opal, Lady Porstock (*née* Winterhead), who types her memoirs at the close of the twentieth century, was born in 1915. Her father, Lord Blisworth, was (she is proud to recall) one of the old Lloyd-Georgian nobility, and her childhood, passed in her Somersetshire home of Barstoke—a type of house with its dining-room walls hung with "priceless photogravures taken from pictures by Landseer and Dicksee"; its library with the "first editions of Beer-bohms and Bensons"; its hall with its "heads of stags shot (if you please) on British soil"—will seem, she admits, to *fin-de-siècle* taste, pathetically old-fashioned. To her infantile memory of an air-raid in 1917 were attributed later by the mind specialists, still so fashionable,

"my dislike of being in the dark (except when I am in bed), my occasional nervousness about loud, sudden noises, my nervousness about other people, particularly children, carrying firearms, my preference for having the door shut when I am asleep, my preference for having the window open on the same occasion, my want of ear for music, my inability to face learning the German language, my distaste for sausages, my fondness for lying in bed after I am called, my refusal to wear a maroon dress, my irritability when people whistle much in my hearing, and my antipathy to the Tube when it is crowded."

At school, where she was educated "on the old high-and-dry methods," she underwent the drudgery of basket weaving, artificial flower making, or calculating, with the mathematical mistress, her winnings at *Petits Chevaux*, and, on occasions ("under a system which would nowadays be condemned as barbarous"), suffered the punishment of a "talking to" by the head mistress—a prehistoric figure who affected "the bobbed hair and knitted jumpers" of her youth. "Those were stern days," comments the narrator; "but I sometimes think the discipline was good for our characters." After Oxford, where she took a first in Geography and Byzantine Architecture, refused a proposal of marriage, and decided against taking Holy Orders, she became the spectator of the new Republic of Central Europe, the successor to her father's business, and a figure in London Society.

It is with a touch of sentiment that Lady Porstock recalls the gaieties of her girlhood in Georgian days: the old-world measures that she trod: "the Monkey-grip, the Kansas Scramble, the 'Mind your foot, honey,' the Snake Glide, the Anyhow Slither, the Buzz, the Rattlesnake Fight, the Darkies' Stagger, and all the rest of them"; the changing fashions in art, literature, and manners that she saw blossom and decay. What has become, she wonders, of the Praeteritists, the Potentialists, the Futurabilists (shortlived successors to the shorter-lived Futurists); of the group of writers who brought to their logical conclusion experiments inaugurated in the 'twenties on what, for want of a better word, we must call literature? She recalls with admiration the young poet, obsessed by the idea of man's mechanical triumphs, who rewrote the classics to harmonize with his theories, thus:—

"And still my heart with rapture thrills
And dances with the cotton mills;"

and the older school of "page decorators," who held that "an immediate telling effect ought to be produced by the mere look of letters on the page." Their reign, however, was almost as transient as that of the fashion for breakfasting on the Mappin Terraces, or the rage (which only lasted a season) for wearing colored teeth. Then there were the Mental Homœopaths and the Health Institutes, whose drastic methods proved ultimately less successful than those of the old-fashioned general practitioner with his sensible advice:—

"Go very slowly. . . . Give Nature every chance to right herself. Avoid milk in all forms, and fish and dry toast. If you aren't on the mend in a month or so, you will have to go somewhere where you can get good marsh air, the Thames Valley, of course, for preference."

It was in America, in which the Gum War was then raging (society being hotly divided between the Clean Party and the Sticky Party), that Miss Winterhead met her husband, Wilson, Lord Porstock, a millionaire and a beauty "of the type which has given so many bridegrooms to English families." "I must put aside my blushes," writes Lady

Porstock, "and give you an extract from the 'Daily Mail,' if only to let you enjoy the quaint archaic language of it":—

"Peer's Daughter Hitches Millionaire :

"Another American Cousin Gets His From Cupid.

"The U.S. citizen is a brainy lad and it isn't only for titles he comes over this side; I hardly suppose! Wilse Harkness, anyhow, Lord Porstock as he is since those birthday honors set things buzzing, knew a good thing when he saw one. When he found he hadn't foul-hooked an angel (his first impression) he lost no time exhorting her to nominate the anniversary. So the red carpet will have to be got out against her return to her country seat at Greylands, &c., &c."

We need not follow Lady Porstock in her reminiscences of her happy married life, her successful Parliamentary career, and the great men she entertained at Greylands, nor her erection of the statue of Sherlock Holmes at Baker Street. We must leave her in 1972, on the eve of the Great War (the magnitude of which must obliterate for ever the trivial memories of 1914-18), gazing back wistfully on those radiant days of the early 'twenties of which she writes—

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
And to be young was very heaven."

Mr. Knox has preserved in its imperishable perfection the classic style of the lady writer of memoirs. The titles of chapters ("Making a New Departure," "On the Sick List," &c.), the jokes of her friends, the use of inverted commas, the frequent touches of sentiment, and the indelible gloss of brightness, will be familiar to every reviewer. Lady Porstock's choice of mottoes at the heads of chapters should not be overlooked; neither should the index. But amidst such dazzling wealth of opportunities for quotation, to select is difficult, to praise an impertinence.

THE TURKISH VIEW.

Memories of a Turkish Statesman, 1913-1919. By DJEMAL PASHA. (Hutchinson. 18s.)

THIS is an extremely interesting book. Djemal Pasha was a leading Young Turk in the Party of Union and Progress. (Throughout this book the party and committee are given the title "Unity and Progress," but there seems to be no very good reason for departing from the accepted English version of the name.) His reminiscences are limited to the period from January 23rd, 1913, when after the *coup d'état* Mahmud Shefket Pasha became Grand Vizier and Djemal Pasha Military Governor of Constantinople, to the end of the Great War. The writer was in the inner circle of that small group which governed the Ottoman Empire, for at the end of 1913 he became Minister of Public Works, in February, 1914, Naval Minister, and during the war was Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Fourth Army, which was eventually to suffer defeat at the hands of Lord Allenby.

The interest of the book consists in the fact that it presents a view very rarely presented to English readers, a purely Turkish view. All Nationalists wear blinkers which are impervious to a considerable number of facts, and Djemal Pasha is no exception to the rule. We are very far from accepting at their face value all the statements which he makes about the Arabs who revolted against the Turks, or the military operations of the Fourth Army, or the Armenians. Yet the facts as they present themselves to an intelligent and patriotic Turk are well worthy of dispassionate consideration. For instance, scattered through the earlier chapters of the book are casual statements with regard to the diplomatic actions of various Great Powers in Constantinople before the war which help one to understand why the policy of the Great Powers is viewed with suspicion and dislike, not only by the Turks, but by most Asiatic peoples. According to Djemal Pasha, immediately after Mahmud Shefket Pasha became Grand Vizier a plot was hatched against the Government. He mentions casually the difficulty which the Government experienced in arresting the conspirators because of the Capitulations, since the conspirators were under the protection of the Austrian Consulate and the British Embassy. In the larger questions of foreign policy, again,

one sees very clearly how in choosing the dangerous course of siding with Germany in the war, the Young Turks felt that they were between the upper millstone of the Central Powers and the lower millstone of the Entente. Very interesting indeed is Djemal Pasha's account of his negotiations in Paris, of the negotiations with Bulgaria and Germany before the war, and of the ridiculous position in which the French and British diplomatists placed themselves in Constantinople during the period August to October, 1914.

Finally, in the last two chapters, there is a most important statement of the Turkish view with regard to the Arab rebellion and the Armenian question. There is, too, one insignificant fact, mentioned in passing by Djemal Pasha, which, we think, deserves to be rescued from oblivion. When Turkey decided to enter the world-war on the side of Germany, Suleiman Effendi El Bustani, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, resigned, and the reason which he gave for this action is unusual in the history of Ministerial resignations and of war and peace. He said that "as a member of the 'Society for International Peace,' he need hardly say he opposed all wars and was therefore compelled to resign."

THE BIG DRAMA.

The Forcing House. By ISRAEL ZANGWILL. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

IN this drama, as often before, Mr. Zangwill works upon a large canvas and with a high theme. We have seen him use a similar method and with a similar purpose in such vast plays as "The Next Religion," "The War God," and even in "The Melting-Pot," though the last follows the more usual lines of modern theatres. The present play is a continuation of "The Cockpit," which appeared about two years ago. It is in the same form, and deals with the same subject—one aspect of the great and terrible drama now being enacted in Europe upon the stage of history. But "The Forcing House" is a self-contained action, and may be read or acted quite independently of its predecessor. Its central idea was probably suggested by the Russian Revolution, but the upshot is entirely different, and the scene might be placed in any revolutionary country of the present time. It is a drama of typical figures—men and women as royal, revolutionary, or aristocratic types—and of fine illusions thwarted by common passions, entangling intrigues, and the mutable tempers of the crowd.

In a preface of great interest, Mr. Zangwill, writing to Maurice Maeterlinck, expounds his theory of drama upon this large and generalized scale, as distinguished from the subtle drama of interior feelings or the drawing-room drama of teacups. He shows that Maeterlinck's earlier conception of "a theatre without tears" has been obliterated by recent history, which has revealed a world still tortured by "melodrama," or, as we should prefer to call it, by tragedy in its most vast and terrible forms. The days when Mr. Santayana could write of life as "a huge good-natured comedy" are obviously gone, and, indeed, to men like Mr. Zangwill, who had long watched the recurrent tragedies of European life, even before the war, those days had never existed:—

"It should not have needed famine and pestilence, poison-gas and flame-propellers, cannibalism and the return of the wolf, the murder or exile of Emperors, the overthrow of dynasties and economic systems, to remind Mr. Santayana over what a thin volcanic crust our 'huge good-natured comedy' went a-tripping."

As to the manner which some condemn as "melodramatic," Mr. Zangwill truly remarks that "in conceiving the drama as primarily dramatic, Sardou was superbly right." The drama should be dramatic, just as the stage should be stagy. There was a finality in the dictum of Goethe that we call Art Art because it is not Nature. Or again:—

"It is melodrama, almost in its popular signification, that the war has vindicated. Life, I sum up the lesson, is still heroic and vulgar in the grandiose old fashion. There are soldiers, not chocolate but iron, there are traitors and bullies. There are clamorous and riotous crowds that pillage and run amok, there are love-makings and clownings under the shadow of death, there are monstrous coincidences, impudently improbable. Even the spy does, it appears, really exist."

The art of the dramatist, then, must be shown by his skill in displaying this vast and turbulent picture of life

upon a stage tightly restricted both by space and time. It allows no slackening of tensions, and it must grip the audience at once—and not only the audience present at a first performance, but the possible audiences who must be attracted to the theatre straight away, week after week without a pause, for otherwise the loss upon each performance must bring the drama to a miserable end. Whether these two successive dramas by Mr. Zangwill could fulfil those conditions if put to the test upon any existing stage, one cannot be sure. The theatre is just as full of surprises as a race-course, and few would have supposed that "The Beggar's Opera," for instance, would turn out an almost unexampled success at this time of the world. But to do justice to "The Cockpit" and "The Forcing House" one ought, at all events, to have a vast stage like Das grosse Schauspielhaus constructed for Reinhardt in Berlin. For this kind of drama demands a spaciousness of presentation, and a certain spaciousness of audience as well. Before a great and mingled audience, in some extensive stage typifying a country or a world, one could imagine them. But those advantages belong to the future, so far as London is concerned, and perhaps it is to that great future "revival of the theatre" that Mr. Zangwill looks for his ultimate justification.

FOUR AMERICAN NOVELS.

Windy McPherson's Son. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Joseph Greer and his Daughter. By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER. (Nash & Grayson. 7s. 6d.)

Peter Whiffle. By CARL VAN VECHTEN. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

Black Oxen. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

THAT life "down town," which Henry James hankered after, but could never bring into his own fictions, because fate had denied him any experience of it, has proved treasure trove to several of the more modern American novelists. They know it—Mr. Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, Mr. Webster, and others—as probably no English writer knows English business life; they have been through it all themselves, or at least manage to convey that impression; they dislike it intensely, not only for what it is in itself, but for its far-reaching influence in other directions; yet there are moments when, even in the midst of active revolt, a reluctant note of admiration seems to sound through the satire, the indictment. And this is natural; the spectacle has its thrilling and stimulating side; so stupendous a vitality, so tireless an endeavor, cannot fail to appeal to the imagination. It is, at all events—this ruthless, mercenary struggle—something big. We have an impression of a blind, overwhelming force, of a kind of moral juggernaut, which, in its advance, annihilates, crushes down into the earth, every delicate thing, every spiritual ideal, and from the brutal clash of perverted ambitions drama certainly emerges, melodrama perhaps, for we realize that a Victor Hugo, not a Flaubert, would be required to grapple with such material. And in fact, in spite of plain speech, of abundant detail and abounding ugliness, an effect that does not suggest pure realism is created by most of the works which attempt to present this life in fiction.

Mr. Sherwood Anderson's novel, "Windy McPherson's Son," is, to some extent, an instance in point. While the style is sober, the incidents realistically presented, the general impression produced is not that of an uncompromising piece of realism. The conception is romantic, inspired by a moral purpose which, if rarely directly expressed, seems to have dictated in some measure the shaping of the whole. Sam McPherson is a village newsboy, the son of a good-for-nothing house-painter. The conditions of his life produce in him an unhealthy precocity. While still a child, his dreams are narrowed down to a single hard determination to make money, and before he is middle-aged he becomes a multi-millionaire, one of the first Western giants of finance. The framework of this part of the book may suggest those old-fashioned Sunday-school tales in which industrious youth was suitably rewarded, but it is not through the help of amiable old gentlemen who discover

him picking up pins from the office floor that Sam obtains a footing in the Chicago business world. He makes his own chance, and his method, if safer, is a good deal less sporting than that of the pirate or the housebreaker. Nevertheless, Sam is a romantic hero, his acquisitiveness is free from any miserly qualities, and there is something human and likeable about him (in a book, at all events) which prepares us, or is intended to prepare us, for the later chapters in his history. So far, his story has been plain sailing. His rise to fortune—even for a young "superman"—is perhaps rather dizzily rapid, but we can attribute this in part to luck. He marries a rich woman, and when she proves unable to bear living children they drift apart, and finally separate. Sam, now at the very acme of his fortunes, suddenly realizes that he is sick of everything—sick of making money, sick of pleasure, sick of notoriety, sick of power, and sick of business. This, too, we accept—as a passing mood. It is the next step which awakens misgiving. Remember that Sam McPherson has from childhood been absorbed in money-making; remember, above all, that this capacity to make money is his only gift; that it is his pleasure, his game, as well as his work; that he is good at it and good at nothing else. Can you see him, then, as Mr. Anderson does, leaving everything behind him, and starting on a tramp through America in search of truth? He accepts manual labor, he becomes the champion of the oppressed, and everywhere he encounters suspicion, opposition, and even physical violence, till, disgusted, disillusioned, he gives up the struggle, and plunges into a life of the grossest dissipation. One evening, returning to her house with a married, but disreputable woman (both of them half drunk), he finds this woman's children—a boy of fourteen, a younger boy, and a little girl—waiting up for her. The scene is the finest in the book. The helplessness of these children, their shyness and gentleness in the face of their mother's callous depravity, awaken Sam's better nature; he hangs about the house for a day or two, ends by adopting the children legally, and returns with them to his wife. Life, after all, to be tolerable, must be lived for others.

"Joseph Greer," though it also is concerned with financial magnates, is a very different book from Mr. Anderson's. It is not better, not quite so good perhaps, but the average reader may find it more entertaining because of the greater variety of its interests, and because Joe Greer is a vastly more picturesque figure than Sam McPherson. He is not more moral, is not much more scrupulous (though he would probably draw the line at taking advantage of his friends), but he is more intelligent, and has a fund of amiability that makes him excellent company. An adventurer, a modern buccaneer, he is defeated in his struggle with the cold, far-seeing Chicago group against which he matches himself; but defeat leaves him undaunted. Mr. Webster gives us some excellent portraits, that of Henry Craven, in particular, being marked by subtlety as well as breadth. The world is the same Chicago world as that described in "Windy McPherson," but because of Joe Greer and Henry Craven the atmosphere is different, Henry being made of finer, and Joe of more adventurous, stuff than any one in Mr. Anderson's novel.

There is no use trying to link up our remaining two books with those we have been discussing. "Peter Whiffle" is hardly a novel at all in the ordinary sense of the word, the autobiographical element in it far outweighing the fictitious, though the reader will find it difficult to disentangle one from the other. The scheme of the book is distinctly happy: that is, supposing one wants to be as personal as Mr. Van Vechten evidently does. Peter Whiffle is a dilettante of letters who never gets beyond the stage of planning a book, a theorist perpetually worshipping at the shrine of some new god. A year or two before his death he appoints Mr. Van Vechten as his literary executor—or, rather, leaves to him the task of expounding the Whiffle legend; and this legend, mingled with Mr. Van Vechten's own impressions and opinions, forms the novel. It is perhaps unfortunate that a book containing so much enthusiasm about art, music, rhythm, style, beauty of one kind and another, should also contain such phrases as "While Destinn was osculating the head of Jochanaan," "While Caruso negotiated Celeste Aida," "The old lady leitmotived once more"; still, "Peter Whiffle" is lively, interesting, and at times (particularly in the delightful Black Magic scene)

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Numerically, the company varies from the ideal little dinner party to the appalling public banquet.

The ideal little dinner party, of course, consists of two—of opposing sexes—just delightfully intimate enough with each other not to have discovered breakfast frailties.

Then there is the party of three. Two is company, but sometimes three is fun, if one is a lady. Freed from the disturbances of competition she will shine at her wittiest and revel in her catholicity.

Four is either a conflict or a *menage a quatre*, and six is a crowd. From the intimate we arrive at the larger social parties, which only the hermit can evade. Some of these are tolerable, but most are soul-crushing. One's dinner companion is a gamble with the odds in favour of mental frost-bite, in which case one finesses with futile inanities, toys with popular platitudes, discusses meyeorology, and eventually chants one's obseques to one's hostess and dimly departs.

Last of all, there are public banquets; either ramlike Victorian resuscitations, or modern mixed meanderings—both perfectly dreadful. If the banquet is a ramlike concourse of males, the entertainment takes the form of after-dinner speeches by rotund gentlemen bursting with food and bibulous loquacity, who interlard their aggressive patriotism with a decoration of suggestive stories of unimaginative indecency. And what a spectacle these masses of black-coated humanity present! The only relief in colour is the occasional glint of a blood-shot eye, or the florid flush on the cheek of a dyspeptic.

So far as dress is concerned, the great majority of men appear to be entirely uneducated. At a recent masculine Banquet, composing an assembly of over three hundred, although 99% were the Inland Revenue's finest contributors, only 5% had any pretensions to style. Their white evening waistcoats were particularly abominable; the sides gaped in such a fashion that every moment one expected a couple of rabbits to be produced.

The evening waistcoat is the most difficult garment to cut. If either offends or delights the eye. At Pope and Bradley's the study of evening clothes is an art, which is as it should be, for during the day one has occasionally to work, but the evening one must endeavour to enjoy. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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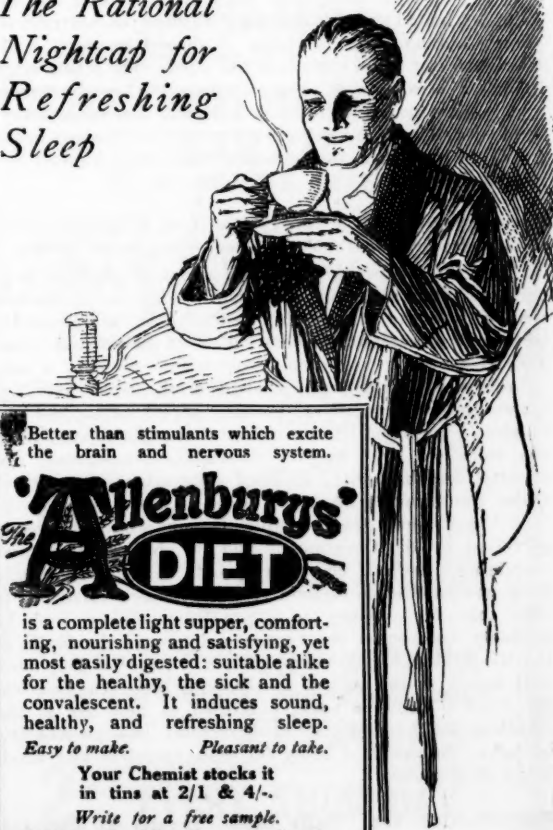
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amusing, written a little in the manner of the late James Huneker, but with a good deal more restraint.

As for "Black Oxen," the first chapters lead us to expect a mystery story, but very soon we guess the identity of the lovely Countess Zattiany, and begin to wonder what Mrs. Atherton can possibly do with her. For the Countess is really an old woman who has been rejuvenated by medical treatment in Vienna. She falls in love with a young journalist who returns her passion, and somehow (for no valid reason doubtless) this romance produced upon me a vaguely unpleasant effect, which was enhanced by the tiresome harping on physiological details. Mrs. Atherton, one feels, would have done better had she exercised a greater economy of explanation. Chatter about ductless glands, ovaries, climacterics, &c., does not blend happily with an emotional love story, even with one of so *outré* a character as this.

FORREST REID.

Books in Brief.

Extemporary Essays. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Milford. 6s. 6d.)

SINCE, undoubtedly, there is as much evidence that Shelley, at the time of his death, was enjoying life—vide Hunt's "Autobiography"—as there is to the opposite effect, one reads Mr. Hewlett's essay upon his latest moods with enjoyment, but not conviction, avoiding, as it does, the non-deadly aspect of them. It is Mr. Hewlett's way to be drastic, as in this instance; or as in the case of Mr. Hardy's "Late Lyrics," against which he runs with singular violence. Does he not misunderstand "The Wood Fire," in which a man is warming himself with logs cut from Christ's Cross, when he declares, "Mr. Hardy must allow me to say that he is too old for such gibes"? We detect no gibe. We see a powerful, the most powerful, symbol of life's little ironies. How stands it now with the wooden crosses of Flanders? But, with disagreements like these, we find in Mr. Hewlett's new collection of essays an admirable vigor, the natural force of one who so loves a ballad; a swift and finely allusive pen-portraiture; plain speaking with its riches of shrewd imagery. Mr. Hewlett is apt to set down in a few words what others might have striven to say over pages. Perhaps the brevity of many a sentence is too near akin to the brilliance that passes away; but to read him is to rejoice in a great love of life and books, observant, ingenious in expression, and often kindled into splendor.

Greece and the Allies, 1914-1922. By G. F. ABBOTT. With a Preface by Admiral MARK KERR. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

FOR the few people who wish, as far as possible, to go back and obtain something of the truth which, during the four years of war, the propaganda of Government and Press distorted and concealed, this book will be of the greatest value. The Greek affair was, from many points of view, a very unimportant, insignificant incident of the war; yet it is extraordinarily instructive, because, in examining the way in which France and Britain treated that unfortunate nation, one learns to what heights of stupidity, meanness, dishonesty, and barbarity, civilized statesmanship can reach under the stimulus of war. Most of the facts given by Mr. Abbott were either completely suppressed or grossly perverted by the Government and its obedient Press; so successfully, indeed, that many people will simply dismiss them now as the propaganda of a pro-Constantinian. It is true that Mr. Abbott is a pro-Constantinian, and he probably exaggerates the virtues and ignores the faults of the King. But his facts are facts, and have for long been well known to the curious in these matters. In America, Mr. Paxton Hibben's book, published as long ago as the middle of 1920, gave a good many of them, but Mr. Abbott's book has the merit of being far more complete and much better documented.

Mesopotamia: the "Daily Mail" Inquiry at Baghdad. By SIR PERCIVAL PHILLIPS, K.B.E. (Carmelite House. 1s.)

THIS "inquiry" by a competent journalist is very instructive. Sir Percival has collected on the spot a con-

siderable amount of illuminating information with regard to why we are in Mesopotamia, what we do, and what we spend there. The following passage, at least, deserves quotation:—

"Tax-collecting by bomb has become almost a matter of routine for the Royal Air Force in Mesopotamia. It would surprise the British taxpayer to know the extent to which bombing has prevailed in the country districts of the new State of Iraq during the past year in order to bolster up King Feisal's authority. . . . Of course, innocent people have been killed; that cannot be helped. The subjugation of an unruly village or district involves the punishment of old women as well as recalcitrant head-men. Our tax-collectors drop their 'eggs' as accurately as possible, but they cannot single out individuals. I am told that this local bombing has been going on constantly for months past."

From the Publishers' Table.

IN the autumn Messrs. Nisbet hope to publish a book called "Changes and Chances," by Mr. Henry W. Nevinson. It is the first part of a record of scenes in his varied experience both in peace and war.

THERE can be few people in this country, whose work and interest are among books, but will testify to the worth of "The English Catalogue of Books," the annual volume produced by "The Publishers' Circular." The eighty-sixth issue records 1922 in the world of publishing. Everything which appeared from the presses as book or pamphlet, except perhaps an occasional "for private circulation" item, is here. The editor, summing up, deprecates the practice of "seasonal" publishing; and provides comparative tables of the chief classes of literature in 1914 and 1922. Needless to say, fiction was first then and is first now.

MR. MASEFIELD's limited editions increase and multiply. Messrs. Heinemann announce provisionally a new story from his pen, "The Taking of Helen," in 750 signed copies at a guinea apiece. The limit of a limited edition is one copy. What publisher will produce one copy, at, say, 1,000 guineas, of some new masterpiece?

MESSRS. HEINEMANN's list also foreshadows "Claud Lovat Fraser," by Mr. Drinkwater and Mr. Albert Rutherson—a biography with a wealth of illustration. There will be 500 copies, at five guineas or thereabouts. Then "Hassan" is to have his limited edition, with a special preface by Mr. J. C. Squire.

MR. SQUIRE has arranged with Messrs. Collins to produce an anthology characteristic of "Solomon Eagle." He has rounded up into one compound the intentional and unintentional masterpieces of humorous verse which the English library can boast; the latter type affords many unsurpassable specimens.

THE same publishers promise an English edition of Mr. Archibald Marshall's novel "Pippin," which has already appeared in America.

THE last of a long series of studies of churches by the late Rev. J. C. Cox is announced by Messrs. Batsford. There are almost three hundred illustrations to this posthumous work, "English Church Furniture, Fittings, and Accessories"—which aims to take the reader upon a tour round any and every old English parish church.

AMONG the latest publishing propositions of Messrs. Constable there occurs "Scepticism and Animal Faith," by Mr. George Santayana, which title presumably bears no relation to another in the same list, "The Modern Race-horse," by Lieut.-Col. P. E. Ricketts.

IN April Messrs. Harrap will issue "The Chief British Poets of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries"; a "History of French Literature," by W. A. Nitze and E. P. Dargan, both Professors in the University of Chicago;

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and in May, "The Social and Political Ideas of Some Great Medieval Thinkers," essays edited by Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw.

A NEW series of verse publications under the former title "Adventurers All" is being issued by Mr. Basil Blackwell. The four poets to be represented forthwith are Mr. L. A. G. Strong, Mr. D. C. Thomson, Mr. J. Redwood Anderson, and Mr. Richard Church.

MR. ALFRED A. KNOFF, with his Borzoi Books, gives his catalogues a bold individuality. As if in extra proof of this, he has brought out an edition of his catalogue for the season now beginning, printed upon Imperial Japan Vellum, in decorated boards, at a dollar a copy. Fifty were so produced.

THE Principal of Lady Margaret Hall will send particulars of the Susette Taylor Fellowship of £150 to inquirers. It is offered "for research work involving study abroad," and is open to all women graduates. Applications have to be submitted by May 1st.

Art.

BIG BUSINESS.

ART is in a dilemma which is bound to increase. For instance, the first exhibition of the Architecture Club, at Grosvenor House, happened to follow immediately upon the outcry at the threatened invasion of Kensington Square by business premises. The exhibition itself not only gave a very encouraging account of the activities of our architects during the last twenty years in civic, ecclesiastical, industrial, commercial, and domestic building, but showed on the whole a most exemplary regard for the traditions of the past; but, in going round the exhibition, it was impossible not to hear faint echoes of the outcry. For the situation in Kensington is the inevitable outcome of the expansion of what is called Big Business, and a fair number of the models and photographs at Grosvenor House represented the artistic glorification of that very element in the social scheme. You will say, perhaps, that it is a question of town-planning; that we can have Big Business in one part of London and quiet backwaters of Queen Anne and Georgian houses in another; but experience, political and otherwise, shows that life does not work like that. You may localize activities on the architectural plan, as you may localize communities on the map, but you cannot localize ideals, and sooner or later one or the other will prevail throughout the body politic.

If artistic opinion were ranged consistently against Big Business as an ideal, or if Big Business were consciously hostile to art, there might be a conflict, but there would be no dilemma; but, putting aside the exhibits at Grosvenor House, there is evidence that art is deeply committed to Big Business in a dozen directions. The recent exhibition of Decorative Art at the Royal Academy underlined the artistic opportunities of Big Business, and many of our best artists are designing the posters which form its most effective propaganda. It is extremely likely that some of the artists who spoke up for Kensington Square are themselves actively engaged in the artistic support of Big Business in other parts of London. Probably, indeed, most of us who write, or paint, or build, or make music, are in some way or other contributing to the advancement of that which produces the effects we deplore in Kensington. On the other hand, Big Business shows an increasing disposition to become a generous and discriminating patron of the arts, and not only in its own immediate interests. On the surface, all this is as it should be; it would be foolish for art to refuse the hand extended, and the exhibits at Grosvenor House, not to speak of the posters on the hoardings, show that art does not suffer immediately by the association; and

yet—there is the threatened invasion of Kensington Square. Nor is the danger only to the artistic works of the past, for it is impossible to avoid the uncomfortable feeling that the association between art and Big Business, though immediately profitable to them both, will, in the long run, destroy the conditions in which good art is produced. To take a simple illustration, the better things are advertised, the less need there is to make them good.

Unless we are to let Big Business remodel London to its heart's desire, and agree to accept advertisements instead of things, thus carrying a paper currency to its logical conclusion, it is difficult to see a way out of the dilemma. That it is not to be solved by town-planning, however ingenious, is indicated by some of the other exhibits at Grosvenor House; that is to say, the models and photographs of the good work that is being done by our architects in garden cities and suburbs. The obvious thing about such places is that they are not purely architectural experiments. They are experiments in better ways of living. In practice, as the peculiar province of cranks, they may lend themselves to ridicule, and their success in solving our social problems to any considerable extent is yet to be proved; but nobody can spend a day in any one of them and mistake it for a mere building scheme. It is a centre of good intentions in every department of life: in the right adjustment of rural and urban conditions, in social relations, in the equipment of workshops and factories, and—not least—in the substitution of co-operative for competitive industry and commerce. To put it in a sentence, the improved architectural lay-out corresponds to an improved social lay-out; and one great advantage, manifest in the exhibition, is an opportunity for architectural plain-speaking without risk of architectural disorder. But, while they have this advantage in common, it will be seen that garden cities and suburbs are actually of two distinct kinds. In one, as at Port Sunlight and Bournville, the idea of Big Business is carried to its logical conclusion, and the firm actually owns the place; in the other, as at Letchworth and Welwyn, the idea of Big Business is practically eliminated. The moral of the resulting architectural harmony, in either case, is obvious.

In London the architectural lay-out does not correspond to the social lay-out. Big Business, though greatly in evidence, does not yet own the place. The result, equally manifest in the exhibition, is that the architect has to reconcile the pretensions of Big Business with the amenities of the street. As a rule he falls back upon juggling with the classical orders—which might well be compared to the language of diplomacy in building. He has to put a good face upon something which will not bear plain statement on that scale; particularly since the pretensions of Big Business in London generally take the form of shop-keeping. For, if you come to look at it in cold blood, what is the business of shop-keeping? You buy at twopence and you sell at twopence-halfpenny. A perfectly respectable idea, and one capable of modest expression in architecture, but you do not make the idea any bigger if you multiply the sums by a million. Nor is the idea enlarged by talking about the romance of commerce. To an imaginative person the village shop is full of romance; but tea is tea, and silks and spices come from the balmy East, whether you sell them in a village shop or in a big department store in London; and the romance, in any case, is not in the selling but in the getting. Not the worst way to discover the weakness of any institution is to turn to its apologists, and a passage in Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Things that have Interested Me," in which he compares a sunset seen from Westminster Bridge unfavorably with shop windows, contains a very significant phrase: "The hypnotized crowds passing slowly in front of them." There you have it. Big Business, in fact, rests upon a basis of hypnotism, and that is the secret of its increasing concern with the arts. Without any conscious dishonesty on either side, they lend themselves to creating an atmosphere in which anything will pass.

Obviously the dilemma is not one for artists and architects alone to solve. It is not their business to reform

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THE CLAIM OF THE HUNGRY

There is no one who reads these words who would carelessly refuse to help any fellow human being whom they knew definitely to be hungry. There are continued claims upon all who are able to give to those who need—claims which none of us wish even, to refuse. But we often lack the imagination which would bring home to us the circumstances of those who are far distant.

We should not dream of withholding food from the beggar who calls at our door, providing that we are convinced of his need.

In Germany a terrible condition of undernourishment and disease—notably Tuberculosis—obtains, especially among the children. The professional classes also—Doctors, Artists, Professors, Musicians, etc., people whose income does not rise with rising prices, are suffering terrible privation.

In Pugachev in Russia, there are thousands who *are* starving as you read these words—probably dying. Dr. M. D. Mackenzie, who investigated the district, has left no doubt of this, and it now rests with us as to how far we can save those who are threatened.

When human beings are in such extremity it is not for any one of us either to stand aloof or to spend our energies in apportioning blame. There can be but one course for us, it is to

Feed the Hungry!

Gifts of Money, earmarked for either country, should be sent to Friends' Relief Committee (Room 9), 10, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

Gifts in Kind (Clothing, Soap, etc.) should be sent to the Friends' Warehouse, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C.4.

Co-operating with the Russian Famine Relief Fund and the Save the Children Fund in the "All-British Appeal" for the Famine in Russia.

our institutions, but they have to express them, and life-planning must precede, or at least accompany, town-planning. This applies even to such a plausible proposal as that known as the Charing Cross Improvement Scheme. Before we embark upon it we ought to decide whether it is to express a civic idea or merely an amalgamation of private interests in the control of traffic. In the broader survey, taking in all the arts, and slightly to change the simile, sooner or later we shall have to decide whether to put our artistic money on the big noise or on the still, small voice. Whichever way, it is unreasonable to complain of the consequences. To put it bluntly, if you make a splash in Oxford Circus you must not be surprised if the ripples are presently felt in Kensington Square.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

The Drama.

ROUND TABLE AND RETORT.

Old Vic.: "Arthur." By Laurence Binyon, in collaboration with Sir John Martin Harvey. With incidental music by Sir Edward Elgar.

Regent Theatre (The Phoenix): "The Alchemist." By Ben Jonson.

ONE of the most wonderful chapters in Huysmans's "Là-Bas" is that which describes the trial of Gilles de Rais, the infamous "Bluebeard" of the Middle Ages. We there read how the murderer, after a long and ghastly confession of all his butcheries, turned at last to the families of his victims and entreated them to pray for his forgiveness. Thereupon the Judge descended from his seat and tenderly embraced the prisoner, while all the people fell loudly weeping upon their knees and prayed for the soul of the assassin. The sentence of excommunication was then raised from the penitent sinner; Gilles de Rais was received back into the bosom of the Church, and a few days later was burned alive with his accomplices.

At a moment when the publication of two critical studies of Tennyson coincides with the production of Mr. Binyon's "Arthur," it is not amiss to recall this episode. For in it there flames out the real spirit of medievalism—whether we choose to-day to call it illumination or extravagance—and, unless we see it in the full blaze of that spirit, the story of Lancelot and Guinevere is mere futility. The modern outlook is whole worlds away, just as much among those who profess the religion of the Middle Ages as among those who most emphatically reject it. Is there a modern Church paper that would comment on a Gilles de Rais of our own day in the spirit of the description we have taken from Huysmans, or on a divorce in the spirit of the Lancelot legend? The root of Tennyson's failure in the Idylls is his (almost insolent) incuriousness about the medieval attitude. Whether you regard his Arthur as a prig or a Marcus Aurelius of chivalry, does not matter much. Arthur, his Queen, and Lancelot, are not worth much thought—are nothing but the tedious triangle of cuckold, seducer, and wanton—unless they have "eaten on the insane root" of medievalism, have exalted their sins and desires and sufferings into the infinitude whither their prayers ascended. When Mr. Shaw saw the Irving "King Arthur," he found "Tappertitian vulgarity and infamy" in the "vision of a fine figure of a woman, torn with sobs and remorse, stretched at the feet of a nobly superior and deeply wronged lord of creation"; and no doubt there are those who think Arthur culpably weak in not taking off Guinevere's head, and find Lancelot a simple cad in armor. That or Mr. Shaw's

reaction is the almost inevitable effect of the Tennysonian Idylls on our mind to-day, just because the Middle Ages are entombed.

Mr. Binyon's success then depended almost entirely on his capacity to evoke the ghost of the Gothic mind. Has he succeeded? Well: once at least he has. It is in the scene in which Elaine, rejected by Lancelot, dictates the letter to be bound to her dead wrist. To die of love, to take boat after death, and float down the river to bring a plaint without a scrap of justification in it before a King and Queen without competence either to judge the cause or to enforce sentence—that, in its exquisite irrationality, is medieval. Mr. Binyon proves himself a medieval poet if he so treats the episode that you do not for a moment feel tempted while listening to describe it in the kind of terms we have used. This he does triumphantly; we watch spell-bound while a soul takes wing through a death-wound—the insatiable soul of the Middle Ages. No other scene in the tragedy reaches quite this level. The rest seems really more Greek in inspiration. It marches tranquilly for all its terror; the net of crime, once cast, entangles its victims one by one as it falls in lengthening meshes round their feet. There is a sustained dignity and a quiet, if rather pale, beauty about the work as a whole that make it a serious and valuable addition to our dramatic literature. It receives at the Old Vic., as it probably could not have anywhere else just now, a production designed in the mood of creative imagination (scenic poverty is a great aid to fancy in the right type of mind), and an interpretation by actors to whom it is second nature to work in poetic drama. All should really be praised. But the custom of selection must be followed. At the head, then, we place the ethereal Elaine of Miss Jane Bacon, which has everywhere made a remarkable impression. After that come the Lancelot of Mr. Douglas Burbidge, with its haunting stamp of repressed spiritual agony; Mr. Wilfrid Walter's resonantly magnificent King; Miss Buckton's fierce Guinevere, a trifle too much in the key of Lady Macbeth; Mr. Rupert Harvey's viperous Mordred, and the singularly charming Lavaine of Mr. Guy Martineau, a study of youthful fragility and sentiment that happily escapes growing mawkish.

A big jump from "Arthur" to Ben Jonson's "Alchemist," revived by the Phoenix! There is just this link between them, that the art of alchemy carries down the measureless dream-desires of the Middle Ages into the Renaissance and its children-epochs. (These were apt to spare of medieval institutions only those in which there might be money yet.) However, our concern is not with alchemical mysteries, but with the marvellous, glaring, malodorous section of the London underworld in James I.'s reign which Ben Jonson, the prince of social historians, has here cut out and preserved for future generations to study. What a blaze of pitiless sunshine after all those mystic shadows! The dupes, the drabs, the dolts, the rakes, the charlatans, the hypocrites, the bullies of the epoch—Shakespeare never drew them quite so vividly, because he must needs infect all with some touch of Shakespearian subtlety or sadness. But Jonson is Zola with a wit, and there is no turning away one's fascinated gaze in spite of the grossness and the lewdness of the picture. Some of the Phoenix players seemed less articulate than is their wont, but the reproach does not hit Mr. Baliol Holloway, who (looking like a Cruikshank plate brought to life) made of Subtle, the alchemical impostor, with his jargon, furnaces, retorts, and test-tubes, one of his finest studies in fantastic, sordid roguery. Miss Margaret Yarde contrived to be at once terrible and comic as the blowsy "Doll" of the rogues' confederacy ("Kibroth Hattaavah," the Babe would have murmured); and Mr. Stanley Lathbury was obstinately funny as the poker-like Puritan Deacon, Ananias.

D. L. M.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Owing to the Easter Holidays "THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM" of next week will be published on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28. ADVERTISEMENTS for that issue must reach the Advertisement Office, 12, Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.4, by MONDAY NOON, the 26th inst.

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Science.

SCIENTIFIC BIOGRAPHIES.

THE general public is not only more interested in artists than in men of science, but it knows a great deal more about them. This is primarily due, of course, to the fact that in nearly all art a great deal of the artist himself is revealed. It is, perhaps, more than doubtful whether the whole function of art is "self-expression," but it is certainly true that a great deal of the self is expressed. In the work of a scientific man the "objective" element is more prominent, although it is certainly not true that nothing of the scientific man is revealed in his work. We may be quite confident, for instance, that such ideas as those of Einstein could never conceivably have occurred to Lord Kelvin. But even such very marked temperamental differences are hardly apprehended by the general public. It appears that, to the ordinary public, men of science are all exactly alike. They differ in degree; Einstein, for instance, is popularly supposed to hold the World's Championship in mathematics—the proof of his eminence being that there are only six, or four, or two people in the world able to understand him—but they are all of the same kind. At the level of news-editors, even the difference between two distinct sciences has vanished. A scientist, to these gentlemen, is a man who knows all about science, and that includes manufacturing maggots in a laboratory, calculating whether a comet will hit the earth, disintegrating the atom, and fixing up electric bells. We seem here to have a survival of the attitude of primitive man towards the magician of his tribe. And even when the man of science is not regarded as a mere magician, he is still considered as the most official of official persons.

The artist, conscious of his own delightful richness, variety, and spontaneity, hardly regards men of science as human beings at all. At best he would class them with the more roughly moulded types, with captains of industry, governors of provinces, and Field-Marshal—men who live in an asphalted world. That a man of science should be sensitive, nervous, "temperamental," liable to sudden flashes of insight and strange raptures, he would find it hard to believe. Part of the responsibility for this rests upon the inaccessible nature of most scientific work, but part of it is due to the fact that hardly anyone has ever tried to present a scientific man as a human being. Biographies, as we all know, are seldom satisfactory. The chief reason is, we are convinced, that biographies are usually written by the wrong people. There is a very curious race of men in existence, men to whom official rotundities of phrase really mean something, and something adequate and satisfying. "He was a man of the strictest honor, irreproachable in his relations with others, but of a somewhat formal manner. Those who knew him well, however, knew that beneath this formally correct exterior beat a warm heart, full of love for his fellow men and with all the candor and innocence of a child." Sentences such as these are nearly always used by biographers, apparently under the impression that they are descriptive of something. Biographies of scientific men are, perhaps, exceptionally unintelligible. The solid part of the biography gives the dates and titles of the subject's scientific papers with, usually, a summary of the contents. We learn whom he married, how many children he had, and at what age he became President of the Royal Society. We also learn that he was interested in literature, interested in music, interested in painting, and that he always had, quite whimsically, a difficulty in learning foreign languages. Nearly always a well-known R.A. expresses his profound conviction that the subject of the biography would have been as eminent in art as in science if he had gone on with his drawing lessons. The subject was not exactly witty, but he had a great fund of genuine

humor which only those who knew him well could appreciate. And besides this he had the characteristics given above—the honor, the candor, and the warm heart. What emerges from all this except some completely unintelligible abstraction who writes a long list of papers having difficult titles? For all we can deduce, he seems to have done his job like those blind horses that walk round pumps.

And yet, although there is this remarkable uniformity in biographies of scientific men, scientific men are really of all kinds. Kepler, that wildly imaginative, wildly buoyant, wildly despondent genius, for example, would probably be as exciting to explore as a tropical forest, although he would inevitably emerge from an official biography with nothing but his silly enthusiasms and his warm heart. Also, what kept Henry Cavendish going? He is the one scientific man in whom his biographers cannot discover a warm heart, but, this organ being absent, they give us no other *primum mobile*. And he presents fascinating problems. He was, for instance, so wealthy and well-born that he never had to trouble about money and never had to be a snob. He was one of the few men so circumstanced that he really could do whatever he liked. How much of his extraordinary detachment was due to his being "excused" lessons that all the rest of us have had to learn? Maxwell and Clifford, again, so curiously like one another, and so curiously unlike all the other scientific men of their time. What is this curious resemblance and difference that we notice? And how was it compatible with one being a Christian mystic and the other a peculiarly intense atheist? And why do some so passionately admire Bernhard Riemann's mind, whilst the minds of other equally great mathematicians leave them comparatively cold? Surely there are few forms of creative work so fascinating as trying to reconstruct a really great man. Some of the most interesting of them are found amongst men of science. And surely, for the student of science who is a humanist and something of an artist, a really adequate biography of some scientific man, whose work and personality peculiarly appealed to him, would be well worth doing. It would further the cause of science by increasing interest in it, and that would be of as much value to science in the long run as adding another to the great flood of little papers which pour out incessantly from the *Privat-Dozenten* in every country in Europe.

S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 24. Royal Institution, 3.—"Atomic Projectiles and their Properties," Lecture VI., Sir E. Rutherford.
 Sun. 25. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Festivals of the Seasons," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.
 Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C.1), 5.—"Life and Energy," Sir William Bayliss.
 Mon. 26. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.20.—"True Patriotism," Bishop Hamilton Baynes.
 Parents' National Educational Union (Mortimer Hall, 93, Mortimer Street, W.1), 2.30.—Conference on "Charlotte M. Mason's Work and Message" (First Day).
 Tues. 27. P.N.E.U. (Mortimer Hall), 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.—Conference (Second Day).
 St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.20.—"Social Justice," Bishop Hamilton Baynes.
 King's College, 5.30.—"The Expansion of Europe Overland," Lecture VI., Prof. A. J. Toynbee.
 University College, 5.30.—"The Viking Crusades and their Bearing on British History," Lecture III., Dr. A. Bugge (of Christiania).
 Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Nomads of Central Asia," Prof. W. Barthold.
 Wed. 28. P.N.E.U. (Mortimer Hall), 10.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.—Conference (Third Day).
 St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.20.—"International Peace," Bishop Hamilton Baynes.
 Geological Society, 5.30.—"Further Researches on the Succession and Metamorphism in the Mona Complex," Dr. E. Greenly.
 Thurs. 29. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 1.20.—"The City of God," Bishop Hamilton Baynes.

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